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FAMOUS FIGHTS

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FAMOUS FIGHTS

AT

THE STADIUM /

AS TOLD BY

C. A. JEFFRIES.

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Drink _____

RESCH'S
Ales, Stout
AND
Lager

Some Preliminary Remarks.

SOME of the best of our boxing writers have of late indulged in a wealth of reminiscence. They have written interestingly and at great length of that golden age of Australian boxing when this country teemed with champions who had to go abroad to turn their prowess to account. The names that flit across their pages are those of Slavin, Goddard, Peter Jackson, Jim Hall, and others who flourished here when there were giants on the earth.

This book does not propose to touch upon those bygone giants, excepting only Bob Fitzsimmons. It is the book of the fighters of to-day. It is of men who are still walking about among us, living in comfort on the brass which we, the public of to-day, have paid to see them fight. It is the book of the living, not the dead. Slavin, Goddard, and the rest of them are only names to us—that is, the bulk of us. Only the old men can remember them. To the rest of the community they are merely names and no more. We class them with Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, and other gallant scrappers who have been a long time dead.

When the writer came to Sydney to earn wealth and fame he found the boxing art at a low ebb. The fighters were horribly crude. The surroundings in which matches took place were downright horrible. And the way the scraps were conducted was far from pleasant. Boxing had fallen in the gutter.

The chief centre was the Golden Gate Athletic Club in George Street. The Gaiety Athletic Club was also, I believe in existence, or came into being very shortly afterwards. But my first experience of Sydney boxing was in the Golden Gate.

This place was a miniature edition of the Stadium. Along a small flat close round the ring were the high-priced seats. I believe men paid as high as 10/- for those front seats, which were the old-fashioned kitchen chairs with a red apple and green leaves painted in the middle of the back rest. Behind them the seats rose in close tiers right to the ceiling. What the atmosphere was like up at the top I do not know, and am thankful for it.

The first fight I saw there was a set-to between two miserable-looking wretches, all wings and legs. Their names I forget. But they came up from a cellar or something below, climbed into the ring, and the referee made some remarks about a clean break, and then scrambled through the ropes and took his seat outside.

The scrap started, and they advanced towards one another twirling their gloves ferociously. One lashed out, and the other jumped back about 10 feet and then fled wildly round the ring. Finding he was not pursued he stopped, took a deep breath, twirled his fists some more and made for his opponent, at whom he smote savagely. This gentleman then jumped backwards and did a sprint round the ring.

"Why don't you fight, you cows?" roared somebody from the back. The "fighters" ignored the question, but just as it looked as though someone would get hit, the gong went.

They rushed to their corners; two dirty dogs immediately filled

their mouths with water and squirted it over them. Others waved towels frantically, while body attendants mopped up the squirted water vigorously, and then the gong went once more, and the same farce resumed.

However, all the fights at the Golden Gate were not like that one. We saw stirring scraps there—occasionally; but a very large percentage were horribly crude. Fighting languished in Sydney for the lack of proper arenas. Visiting Yankee boxers began to visit the land that had sent them an interesting chain of champions in the past, and the quality of the fighting began to improve slowly.

What set the revival properly going was the building of the National Amphitheatre by Mr. James Brennan. This beautiful hall has since become the variety theatre of the same name, so it is easy to see what a wonderful influence Mr. Brennan's enterprise must have made to boxing. The hall was always wholesome and airy even on the hottest nights. The management was excellent, and some splendid battles raged there. It was in that ring we saw the classic-looking Dan Creedon, who looked like a Roman Emperor when he entered the square, beaten to pulp by the rising young man McColl. It was there we saw that still remembered battle between Scanlan, the Yankee, and Peter Felix, ex-waiter. Felix was as ugly as sin, but he had the most beautiful piston-like left writer has ever seen. It was like a long black lance, and that night it stabbed and stabbed right through the guard of Scanlan and crashed down on eyes, mouth, chin, and nose. Scanlan lost his temper, lost his head, threw discretion to the winds, and rushed in madly hitting with both hands at once.

That long lance-like left flashed through the white blizzard of his raging arms and caught him fair on the nose: but still he bored in, and gripping Felix in both arms BIT him.

The scream of agony from Felix drowned even the wild uproar from the maddened audience. The referee howled something. Felix attempted to show his bite, but was hustled away by his seconds, while Scanlan, struggling madly, was dragged away by his seconds.

Some time after that Mr. Brennan, sick of the vagaries of boxers, who seemed to be a mixture of overgrown kid and monkey, decided to abandon boxing and take to vaudeville, as did another famous fight promoter after him. So the amphitheatre was closed as an Athletic Club, and in a few weeks re-opened as one of Australia's leading vaudeville houses, which it is yet.

While these things were happening in Sydney, Mr. John Wren was promoting big battles in Melbourne. Among others he staged the Bill Squires-Dick Kernock battle at the Exhibition Building in the presence of 15,000 people. He afterwards pitted Squires against Tim Murphy, and then Squires against Mike Williams on the Ascot Racecourse, when in the presence of 17,000 people, Squires outed Williams in 40 seconds.

He also matched Squires with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, then heavy champion of the world. O'Brien had his bags on the steamer en route for Australia, but was induced to take them off again to fight Burns.

This failure of O'Brien moved Mr. Wren to send Squires to America, where he met disaster with Tommy Burns, who had in the meantime overthrown Jack O'Brien. Modern Australian boxing may be said to date from the visit of Squires to America.

THE STADIUM.

IT was the impending arrival of the American Fleet that made the Stadium possible. Of the actual conceiving of it there are many tales, no doubt mostly fiction. As far as can be ascertained Hugh D. McIntosh, long and favorably known as the man who had pulled cycling out of the mud and made it boom, and as the first man to take china cups to the top of Kosciusko, had for some time thought of bringing Tommy Burns to Australia, and gone so far as to communicate with him. Having disposed of his catering business, he had some leisure to go into the matter, and the result of his brain-sweat was the formation of a company known as "Scientific Boxing and Self-Defence Limited." That was in 1908. This company arranged to bring Burns to Australia to fight Squires while the Yankee fleet was in Sydney. It decided that the Exhibition Building, Prince Alfred Park, near the Railway Station, would be an ideal place for the great battle; but the negotiations falling through, McIntosh wandered further afield. In fact, he wandered right down to Rushcutters Bay in an old shabby suit selected for the occasion, and gazed dreamily over a waste where once a Chinese garden had bloomed with the radiant blossom of the cauliflower. And while he gazed and nosed round there came to him one who seemed to be in authority and to speak with a right. "Yes, he was the boss—what did the stranger want?"

The stranger still looked sadly at the site of the garden. He was looking for a place to put up a nice two-man show with a view to making a bob or two during the Fleet week. It was a long way out, but then, where was there a place closer; and, anyhow, with a two-man show one had to be very, very careful. What was it worth? So in the end the shabby stranger fixed up with the man who owned the place, and the rent was £2 per week for two years, with the right to a renewal for the same term at £4 per week.

A few days later that owner was astounded to see vast piles of building material being dumped down on the spot, and when he made inquiries he was taken to the man he had met in patched pants but now resplendent in good raiment and fine linen, who handed him a cigar and explained that the "two-man show" was the Burns-Squires fight.

Tableau!

Well, the Burns-Squires fight duly eventuated, and in 1910 the Stadium Limited was formed. This company bought out Scientific

Boxing and Self-Defence Limited, and arranged for the great and disastrous Burns-Johnson fight. After that great debacle, Mr. McIntosh went to England and America, and made a mighty splash in London as a fight promoter. When he returned he was followed by a crowd of the world's best boxing talent, and Australia gazed with mingled awe and delight at the spectacle of Sam McVea and Sam Langford knocking corners off each other. It was under the same management that Jimmy Clabby, Papke, Thompson, mis-named the Cyclone, and others who had kicked up considerable dust, including a crowd of French boxers, descended on Sydney and Australia.

Boxing was lifted to a high level—the only thing that prevented it being absolutely respectable was the streak of black fighters.

When McIntosh returned from England he decided to expand. The first thing was the roofing over of the Stadium, which, till that time, had been an open arena. The great place was entirely transformed. From having an exterior consisting of a hideous poster hoarding it became an elegant castellated sort of structure. Solid concrete foundations were put in to support the weight of the roof, and when it was finished, it was possible to have boxing or any other sports there all the year round.

In the meantime, boxers were sent as missionaries to Brisbane, to Adelaide, to Perth, and even Melbourne was treated to spirited revivals. A beginning had been made on a circuit, and it only remained to secure an arena in each centre, when —

One morning Sydney woke up and learned with amazement that Hugh D. McIntosh had taken over the huge Rickards' Theatres circuit. For a very brief while he ran both establishments, and then one day Sydney learned with still more amazement that from December 2, 1912, the Stadium had been taken over on approval by Mr. Reginald L. Baker. In March, 1913, he bought the business, lock, stock, and barrel, and Hugh D. McIntosh had ceased to have any but a sentimental interest in the great Stadium he had created.

Never was such a change. McIntosh and his regime had been one of pioneering. It was McIntosh who brought the Fear of the Dark on the white boxing world. It was McIntosh who gave Johnson his chance to become champion of the world. It was McIntosh who made Langford and McVea absolutely world famous. And then he passed on to the more artistic business of a great entrepreneur.

Reginald L. Baker was the High Priest who comes after the soldier. He took up the extension scheme where McIntosh had dropped it to rush into theatrical management. He started to build a Stadium in

Brisbane—it was blocked by an order in Council, and the people who ran the only Stadium there were given a monopoly. Mr. Baker was not to be dished that way. He lay low, and just when the monopoly was made secure Australia learned that Mr. Baker had bought the other people out. The Melbourne Stadium was pushed on apace, and another commenced in Adelaide, and later on one in Perth.

The result was that with a circuit of five stadia the management could afford to rake the world for the best fighting talent; and raked it was. As this is being written, Reginald Baker is fleeting across the world, and has arranged to bring Clabby and Packey MacFarland from America, and has also secured Carpentier from France.

And now for an account of some of the most famous fights seen in the great Stadium at Rushcutters Bay, which, at the present time, is the Mecca of boxers, and the most celebrated boxing arena in the world. It has a continuity that other stadia which have seen world championships have not. Great reputations have been made in it, and mighty names have been buried beneath it.

How Squires Lost His Punch.

Tahmmy Burns and Bill Squires were to meet in the great Stadium on the afternoon of Monday, August 21, 1908, and by 3.40 p.m. that afternoon between 16,000 and 17,000 people were crammed and jammed into the great open enclosure. It was the largest crowd Australia and Sydney had ever seen at a fight, and every class of the community was represented. The Stadium was making a splendid beginning. Outside three men were on top of a solitary telegraph pole that overlooked the ring.

The day before had been an anxious time for the McIntosh and the others who composed Scientific Boxing and Self-Defence Limited. Burns had caught cold and had also wrenched his arm. Once the McIntosh had been dragged from his bed by the startling information that Burns had pneumonia, and a red and blue motor-car went hurtling through the night with the fate of the greatest pugilistic battle in Australian history swinging in the balance. That Burns was far from well was indisputable; he had caught cold, and, like most extraordinarily healthy men, was scared at the slightest sign of disease. He could not breathe properly, and as it was the first time in his life he had not been able to breathe as he darned well pleased, he was filled with forebodings. The modern athlete sees pneumonia in his dreams, and Burns reckoned the grisly thing had gripped him. The doctor said, "A mere cold," but the champion of the world was not reassured. "Sa-a-ay, Mac," he wheezed, "Ah'm not feeling good. Don't put that £1000 on; I might not be able to meet this man. Ah'm not well, an' he's a powerful hitter." And the McIntosh, with blank ruin staring him in the face if this human machine should not come up to time, said cheerfully: "If you're sick, don't fight—I don't want any dead pugilists on my mind. But if you can't come up to scratch, for the love of Heaven say so, and I'll start to refund the money, and put in a substitute at reduced prices." And the days went by. Burns abandoned his training and practice, and on Sunday afternoon the McIntosh did not know whether his pugs would enter the ring or not. He was an anxious man.

But, judging by what followed, it was merely an advertising dodge or a trick to rig the betting market—that is, on the assumption that every effect has a cause.

But by 3.40 p.m. the doubts had rolled away, and the smile of McIntosh was brighter than sunshine. The heat was terrific, and Mr. H. C. Nathan, the referee, removed his dinner jacket, and tossed it to friends in the press seats. The three men on the top of the tall telegraph pole outside attracted a lot of attention. Another vantage point was the gable of an adjacent house, and it was heaped with men and some women. Other houses a mile away were crowded with people in the vain hope of seeing the scrap.

A sudden burst of cheering that drowned the music of the band, and down the passage stalked Squires, looking the very pink of condition, with a grey check dressing gown around him, his feet shod in heelless boots. He climbed into the ring, and took his seat in the south-eastern corner, smiled and talked, and seemed quite cool and at home. A few minutes later another roar split the sky—the champion of the world was coming. He, too, climbed into the ring, clad in a thick dressing gown, pants and thick sweater. He looked far from well, his face was ghastly yellow, and his eyes were dull. His expression was that of a man who is tired—dog tired. The gloves were fixed, and Burns smiled in a weary, forced manner at some remark of his second's. Then Referee Nathan called the fighters to the centre of the ring and made remarks. Squires nodded, Burns looked at the sky wearily, and slouched back to his corner. A gong clanged out. They advanced swiftly to the centre of the ring, shook hands, faced about, strode back to their corners, and, again facing, quickly advanced on one another, twirling their fists as they came.

Bash!—Squires landed Burns full on the face, and within five seconds blood was oozing from nostrils and lips. The crowd yelled hilariously. "Give him another, Bill! Good boy, Bill!" "Oh, you beauty, Bill!" "Piff, pat, thud!" "It's all on the glove," said the expert, wisely: "No harm done." And round and round the ring skirled Squires, landing heavy blows on his opponent, who seemed dazed, and smiled occasionally in a far-off resurrection sort of way, while he looked straight in front. Then the crowd saw what American fighting is like. The men had clinched, and Burns dealt out three quick, short upper jolts on the face, smote once

TOMMY BURNS.

over the kidneys, and dealt sounding smacks over the heart. But he was smothered up, and the blows seemed to lack steam. The referee tore them apart, and narrowly escaped damage as he did so. Then the gong sounded, and the men rushed to their corners, to be sponged and fanned, while the crowd yelled with delight, for the first round belonged distinctly to Squires. The Southern Cross and the kangaroo's tail were elevated.

The opening of every round saw Squires lead on to Burns' face. But the majority of the blows were delivered at too short a range to be really effective. Then Burns would crowd close, and Squires would try to avoid, but sooner or later he would be forced to clinch, and then the vicious in-fighting, which consists mostly of holding and hitting, would commence, and Squires would get the worst of the deal, though in some cases he managed to turn the tables on Burns and beat him at his own game. For 10 rounds he led handsomely on points, but his strength was ebbing, and his limbs and body trembled when he went to his corner. So did those of Burns, but at the touch of the sponge Burns seemed to recover; he sat up and seemed quite cool and collected, although he perspired a lot. In the 11th round Squires stopped some very nasty short arm jolts which rattled him badly. Burns showed his ring generalship by keeping Squires with the sun in his eyes. Squires tried hard for a knock-out, but always and ever Burns stood in close, and the unerring tap on the shoulder or biceps spoiled the aim. In the 13th round Burns seemed fresher than when he started, but Squires was done. The multitude of short arm jolts he had received on the chin were telling, his stomach and sides were working convulsively, his eyes were glazing. He was on the verge of a collapse. Then he hit Burns—a sort of last effort—and fell weakly on his arms. Twice he went down after smiting his opponent, and staggered up within the limit with sagging, blood-stained mouth, staring eyes that glared out of blackened sockets, and a great gash across his chin. William was done, and Burns could have smashed him, but he hesitated; and while he did so down went Squires again, and lying there with red, thick blood oozing in great drops from his mouth, his hair wet with perspiration, his body trembling all over, his lungs working spasmodically, he was counted out. The bacon had gone back to Chicago. As soon as Squires got his breath he sprang up not knowing he was out, and sparred wildly at the sky, but the referee took him in his arms and piloted him to the corner.

It is interesting to read the comments

on that fight in the light of after happenings. Here are a few wise remarks passed at the time—before colored brother Jack Johnson heaved his murky anatomy across the vision of Australia:—

"While Burns is on deck Boshter Bill can take a long farewell to the championship. Neither he nor any other fighter of his kind can ever be champion of the world, for although, as far as this fight was concerned, Squires was the better boxer, Burns was the superior fighter. He never wasted a blow, and his two targets were the heart and the chin. Occasionally he smote over the kidneys, but he never tried for that target. On points Squires won easily, but he hadn't the stamina to last 20 rounds, and the long succession of chips on the point of the chin hastened his collapse. But there was no knock-out blow. Burns won simply because Squires led for 12 rounds and, piling up points galore, exhausted himself in doing it. Burns is not so much a fighter as an anatomist. He destroys his opponent's blows either by dancing away as they come or by coming in closer and tapping the arm or shoulder that is delivering the blow, thus destroying the aim. It was a case of brains and immense lung power against brute force, great skill and marvellous quickness. Brains and lung power triumphed.

"Lung power seemed to count for more than anything. Burns has twice the depth of chest, under the arm, that Squires has, and he recovered much more rapidly and did not tire nearly so fast. Burns delivered only about four really heavy blows during the whole riot. Squires sent them in like rain—and exhausted himself. When a man uses a cold chisel on a piece of iron, one sees very little impression after each blow, but in time the iron is severed. So Burns in every clinch tapped his man several times on the chin, and by the 13th round that, combined with the exhaustion produced by his superhuman efforts, broke Squires right up. The man who beats Burns will be either too quick or too scientific for him. He will either get his blows in so quickly that Burns cannot dance away from them or destroy the aim by tapping the biceps or shoulder, or he will have such marvellous dexterity that he will be able to feint a blow, draw Burns' defence, and then, while Burns is tapping the firing arm, cross suddenly with the other and land on the jaw. And that man doesn't seem to be on deck just now. Till he appears the bacon seems likely to be permanently located where Tommy Burns hangs out. He has evolved a new and scientific system of fighting, and till someone can invent a new system which will work

BILL SQUIRES.

faster and draw Burns' defence, Burns will remain the champion."

Another critic and well-known authority wrote:—

"As I came away from the Burns-Squires fight last Monday, a pallid lad poured out his soul, within a few feet of me, anent the futility and unworthiness of the just-defeated Bill. The speaker's language was hideous, and the vindictiveness of his rage against Squires for allowing himself the luxury of being knocked out was a thing to marvel at. A few minutes before this youth had been lauding the Australian as a god, and polluting all the surrounding atmosphere with yells of encouragement on his behalf. Now nothing was too bad for the wretch who had caused him monetary loss and stultification as a stoush expert. This unpleasant attitude was fairly general within an hour or so after the contest. Tiresome liars sprouted in every bar who 'knew all along that the two men would fight 13 rounds, no more no less,' because 'the cinematograph crowd had squared Burns to play with Squires' for just that space of time. These folk explained just how, when and where Burns 'kidded' the foolish Bill that he had a show. Their post-bellum view was that Squires never had a hope of landing a blow that would disconcert a fly. The contest was, they opined, merely mild exercise for Burns from start to finish. And so on. Admitting Burns' superiority as a fighter, it is still the sheerest drivelt to suggest there was any time till the twelfth round during which he didn't stand in danger, more or less, from the Newcastle battler. Squires is not a champion, but he is very, very nearly one. It is part of his 'style' to 'fight' all the time, and that attractive trait tended in part to bring about his downfall. With pugilists of the new school gaudy fighting is bad policy. But at any moment Burns stood to capture one of the big man's mighty hits on a vital spot, and if he had he must have passed out. And as it was he endured smashing blows that would have settled 99 pugilists out of every 100.

"Stripped, the two men looked curiously unlike. Burns may be 5ft. 7in., but in the ring on Monday he didn't look it. He was plump, round, cherubic, with a 'waist,' and gave an impression of almost womanish softness. That he wasn't 'soft inside,' he showed, however, in short order. Squires was big, well, muscular, as strong as a horse—a typical heavyweight champion of the old school.

"When all was said and done, the same thing that beat Squires in 'Frisco and in Paris beat him at the Stadium—to wit,

Burns' terrific in-fighting. Australians had never seen anything of just this sort before, and it was a painful revelation. Squires appreciated 'what he was up against in this regard, and to us who knew him in the past as the hottest-headed of fighters, it was impressive to observe the elaborate caution with which he treated his opponent when anywhere near a clinch. Yet his precaution availed him little. He 'led' all the time, and as gallantly as of yore. But his 'leads' were mostly up against the leather walls of Burns' gloves and arms; and, meanwhile, whenever the two got to close quarters Burns' jolts might be seen doing their deadly work on the big man's body. This power Burns has of dealing terrific hits with either hand at a distance of about a foot, combined with his amazing footwork, make him the wonder he is.

"With it all there was no time till well into the middle of the tenth round that things looked altogether hopeless for Squires. After that the hurricane of stomach blows he had been enduring told even on his iron frame; and Burns came in, and with a few straight hits put him out of his misery.

"Notable points about Burns were his condition (he never once lost the spring in his step) and his stolid calm. He knew the precise moment he had his man beaten better than anyone in the audience. It was impressive when that time came to see him fell Squires with a carefully-considered, piston-like jab, and afterwards turn to his trainer (who labored momentarily under the delusion that Squires was right 'out') and coldly shake his head—remarking 'Not yet.' Also it was impressive to mark the icy nod with which he let his supporters know (when the end really did come) that this time Squires would not get up again. Bill Squires showed himself the same unassuming old bullock-hearted William of three years back, with a heap more fistic science than when Australia last saw him. He stood a hair-raising amount of punishment with the stoicism of a hero. As a fact he didn't rattle Burns at any stage of the uproar—which is attributable as much as anything to the fact that Burns has, apparently, a wooden head which is uninjurable from the mouth upwards by human effort. Some of the blows that Squires passed the American in the neighborhood of the forehead, ears and eyes were enough to slay an adult gorilla in robust health. Squires is a splendid game fighter, 30 or 40 per cent. better than when he left these shores. And on Monday afternoon, for all his misfortunes, he did his country proud."

JACK JOHNSON.

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for over

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60 years.

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An Ethiopian Holiday

HOW JOHNSON BAGGED BURNS.

That Burns was not anxious to meet Jack Johnson everybody knew, and it is said that he once contemplated exercising his right as an American citizen to draw the color line. Certain it is that it was only by the lure of hitherto unheard of money that McIntosh induced the white champion to meet the black aspirant, and after many trials and tribulations the pair were matched for Boxing Day, December 26, 1908.

The Sydney Stadium was not a place of beauty, but, filled to the rim with 20,000 people, it made an impressive sight, even to the man who had no interest in the booking office. The crowd got in without any crushing worth speaking of. Immediately the doors opened at 7 a.m. the early-door ticket holders filed in, and by 8.30 the great enclosure was more than half full. It is said that some enthusiasts slept out near the structure to get in early, but this has been denied as a mere newspaper yarn. The sky was threatening, and in the dark clouds read an omen of disaster, for that huge crowd was aggressively white in its sympathy. It had not come to see a fight so much as to witness a black aspirant for the championship of the world beaten to his knees and counted out; and though the augurs were persistent, they were voted down. The first excitement was a little affair between photographer Kerry, who had the sole right to take stationary pictures in the Stadium, and some cheerful pirates who had commandeered the platform on which he proposed to erect his big panorama camera. They refused to come down, and when Kerry appealed to the police they invited the Law to come up and poke them off. The Law said it was no good at climbing. Meanwhile others in the crowd had grasped the value of that cyrie, and proposed to get there. Then Kerry proved his ring generalship. He enlisted the services of the first set of pirates as a bodyguard against those who were drawing near, and they hoisted him and his machinery up and threatened to kick the heads off any others who attempted to follow.

This little episode over, the crowd leaned back till Johnson suddenly appeared in the passage, and climbing into the ring

went to his corner. There was a faint cheer, and the colored giant bowed again and again. He didn't get much homage, but made a lot of what he did get. Then Burns appeared, and was nearly blown out of the Stadium by the crash of applause that thundered from 20,000 throats, for by this time there was not a vacant seat in the great enclosure. Looking round from the ringside over the waves of faces that weltered away to the iron walls of the enclosure, the writer suddenly realised what an awful lot of meat it takes to make up 20,000 people. Johnson was not depressed by the tremendous ovation his rival received. Expectoring with unerring accuracy between the heads of one of his seconds and a pressman on to a vacant space about the size of a handkerchief, he leaned over the ropes and inquired of a menial had he got "that bet on." The varlet had, and Johnson seemed relieved. Then he glanced at the opposite corner, and noticed that the man who was giving him the chance of his life and over two stone in weight, was wearing elastic bands upon his elbows. He demanded that they should be removed. Burns refused. Johnson appealed to the referee, but the McIntosh said there was nothing in the rules against bands, and the agreement had not specified that they should not be worn. Therefore he declined to order Burns to remove them.

"All right," said Johnson. "I'll sit here till he takes 'em off. They must be there to do him some good, and if he don't take 'em off there'll be no fight."

Mr. Westmacott announced to the crowd that Johnson refused to fight till Burns removed the bandages, and a storm of howls and hoots ripped the air. Through the bass roar came shrill voices adjuring Burns not to give way to the 'black cow,' and other animals. McIntosh leaned against the ropes and waited. Larry Foley remonstrated with Johnson, who sat grinning at the rage of the crowd. A man with imagination would have been impressed—he wasn't. Which shows the occasional advantage of not having an imagination. Burns ended what would have soon become an ugly business by suddenly rising and throwing off the thin elastic bandages amidst thunders of applause. Then the

MATT CRANNEY.

The
Famous
Four

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The
Famous
Four

BILL SCOTT.

official fluter announced that if the police stopped the contest the McIntosh would immediately declare the winner, and that the cheques would be paid over in the ring immediately after the scrap. McIntosh dragged the hands of the two men together, made a few inaudible remarks, and posed them for the picture. Then they went to their corners.

When Burns fought Squires this writer opined that the man who would eventually beat Burns would be one who could draw his defence with one hand and then cross with the other to the jaw. And just because this was precisely what Johnson succeeded in doing at the opening of the struggle, the first round was the really decisive one of the battle. As they came together people got their first chance to realise the great disparity between the men. Johnson's magnificent body and ophidian head and face fairly towered over Burns, who seemed a mere boy in his teens beside him. As Johnson went in he smiled and paused. "Aal right, Tahmmy!" he laughed, shooting out his spar-like left for Burns' ribs. Quick as lightning Burns' right fell on his biceps and took the weight out of the blow, while his left landed in the black man's bingey. As he swung round to draw out they clinched, broke loose, and, like a flash, Johnson, with a tremendous right upward swing, caught Burns fairly under the chin, lifted him off his feet, and sent him to the floor in a sitting posture.

This was the really decisive blow of the fight, for although Burns was not knocked out, he was obviously dazed—so dazed that he lost his ring craft, his hitting power, and his speed. Springing up he went for Johnson like a tiger. But it was blind, dazed fury, which Johnson met with straight lefts and right crosses till Burns at last succeeded in clinching. Then Johnson uppercut him again and again. Burns tried for uppercuts and belly ribs, but Johnson had got that far-famed armlock on him, and Burns' blows had no strength. Then Johnson would push him off and smash him on the jaw as he did so. At the gong Burns went to his corner in a very bad way, and his attendants rubbed him with champagne.

Johnson sat cool and unruffled, laughing and talking. "Water," he roared with a grin, and taking a mouthful that would have been a decent drink for an elephant, he gargled his throat, ejected the fluid where a fair quantity splashed over the furious pressmen, and sat up to have a look at the crowd. He had reason to be pleased with himself. Not only had he demonstrated that Burns' patent defence was useless against him, but that he was so much stronger that he could hold the

champion helpless till he was ready to smite. In his corner, Burns' attendant was combing his hair, and up aloft the cinematograph man went on turning his handle mechanically with an expression of blank indifference, except when he turned his face towards the grey, cloud-covered sky. The crowd sat silent, wondering what the second round would be like.

Johnson cake-walked to meet Burns, who came in determinedly and landed a few useless blows on the black, ophidian face. Excepting that Burns seemed to have recovered some of his speed and showed wonderful skill at evading some right swings, crosses and other messengers of sudden death, the second round was not much better than the first. The audience sighed as it realised that Burns and Johnson were not in the same class. Someone remarked that Charlie Mitchell was up against greater odds in weight and size when he drew with John L. Sullivan; but an aged fighter sadly shook his hair and remarked that Mitchell didn't lead for the big man's head. Burns got into clinches again, and the towering black held him helpless. He would rise on his toes and bring his right down with an awful smash on Burns' kidneys, then push him off and uppercut him on the jaw as he did so. The referee had a busy time parting them; and once Johnson held Burns with his left and hit him with his right, receiving a warning for his pains. In the clinches Burns' characteristic attitude was one of absolute helplessness. Johnson defending his stomach and avoiding uppercuts with the greatest of ease. A more one-sided struggle it would be impossible to imagine. Burns was plucky as a lion, but the black man was as strong as a locomotive. The only bright feature of the display was the heroism with which Burns took his smashing, and gamely came again and again. His face was in a very bad way. His mouth was bleeding, his cheek beginning to swell, and his eyes were growing puffy. He seemed to realise his inability to make an impression on Johnson, who occasionally stood quite still, with his hands down, talking and jeering at him, while Burns skirled round looking for an opening that never came. The black man stood like a tower, and let Burns do the fighting. He had evidently read Burns' book.

It was not till the fourth round that Burns sufficiently recovered from that first knock-down punch to make a really dangerous attack. Then he caught Johnson over the heart with a heavy left, and hauling off landed him a weak right on the jaw. Johnson was quieter for the rest of that round, but it was his round all the same.

Then commenced a most beastly exhi-

bition of rubbing it into a man who was fighting a game battle but was altogether overmatched. The colored mass was quite unruffled, and determined to impress the fact on this crowd of white trash whose champion he was beating. Looking down at a photographer who was snapping between the ropes, he remarked as he went by: "Did you get that? Anyhow, I'll give you a good picture"; and with that he suddenly sprang in on Burns, smote him in the stomach with the left, smashed him on the jaw with the right, and hurled him against the ropes. Frequently he would hold Burns helpless against him whilst he exchanged gibes with the crowd, grinning as he did so, and then twist Burns into the position he wanted and smite. "Come on, leedle Tahmmmy," he laughed in the ninth; "come right here where I want you!" and he swung the struggling white into the Johnsonian corner, where Burns broke loose and feebly uppercut. "No good, Tahmmmy!" geyed Johnson, "I'll teach you!" and he threw Burns off and uppercut him twice with his right, and bashed him on the side of the head with the left. Again, when McIntosh ordered Burns to break, the white man was too dazed to hear, and feebly jabbed his opponent in the stomach. "Let go—break Tommy!" roared McIntosh. "He can't hurt, he can't hurt!" sniggered Johnson, bashing Burns over the kidneys. On another occasion, when Burns's seconds howled to him, "Get away from him, Tommy; get away from him!" he drew the white man in close to him, and turning to the corner, remarked, with a drawl, "I thought Tahmmmy was an in-fighter."

In the 10th round Burns made a fine rally. Fainting with his left, he suddenly hurled in a right for Johnson's jaw with all his weight behind it. Johnson tried to meet it with his left, missed, but ducked in time to let the white man's blow go over his neck. As their bodies crashed together Johnson gurgled "Ah, that's what I like," and he smashed Burns heavily in the ribs with his right. After 11 rounds of this Burns was in a horrible plight. His face was all puffed out on one side, his jaw hung down as though it were broken, and the blood oozed from his battered mouth. Outgeneralled, overreached, overmatched in strength, insulted and treated like a helpless mouse by a great black cat, he came up heroically to take his punishment. He would fight to the bitter end, and all that a man could do in the face of such overwhelming odds and in the midst of utter disaster Noah Brusso did. And all the time he continued to attack, to lead, to try and force the fight. It was magnificent, but it wasn't pugilism, and all against the tactics laid down in his own book.

And all the time the cinematograph man up above went on turning his handle monotonously, unexpectant; only glancing at the sky with one eye while he kept the second on his stops. Every time the sinking champion went to his corner his attendant combed his hair. He might lose his championship, the supremacy of the white race might go to the Devil, Burns himself might be slowly battered to pieces or suddenly killed outright, but at least he should die with his hair properly parted. Gradually the strain began to tell on that attendant and he did his work badly, so that the exhausted, half-fainting man came into the ring with his hair imperfectly parted and badly arranged. The black conqueror was beginning to wonder if he hadn't played too long. He rushed in and at last seemed to be making a genuine effort to end it. But Burns, marvellous to relate, seemed to be slowly recovering his speed, and evaded wonderfully. If he had been content to evade it would have been better if not well, but he continued to lead and meet rush with rush, to clinch, and in-fight; in all of which proceedings he got the worst of it, till he became quite helpless and clung to the ropes. That left side of his face puffed out further, and the sag in his mouth firmly convinced people that the jaw was broken. Johnson also apparently thought so, and, in accordance with the charming spirit he had shown right through the fight, aimed for it every time, as he followed Burns up with sudden ferocious rushes.

It was in one of these rushes that Johnson, while Burns clung to the ropes, struck the champion twice on the apparently injured spot, and knocked him down with such force that he rolled over twice. McIntosh bounded across the ring, and bending down over him commenced to count. Johnson, who all through, although ungenerous and objectionable in his attitude towards his opponent, fought with scrupulous regard for the rules, retired to his corner, and with his hands resting on his hips watched complacently. He thought it was a knock-out.

As McIntosh counted, he waved time with his right hand, forefinger extended, just as Nathan does. "One—two"—right on to eight, when Burns scrambled up and staggered towards Johnson. Johnson bounded from his corner like a panther. "Finish him, Jack!" yelled his second as Johnson swept down like a cyclone on the staggering, almost helpless man, and with a left smash on the forehead knocked him against the ropes. He was just swinging his right for that battered, swollen cheek again, when the Superintendent of Police soared up the ropes and waved his crop aloft. "Stop, Johnson!" bellowed the McIntosh in a

HE DOES AUSTRALIA PROUD.

THE BOB FITZSIMMONS OF TO-DAY.

voice fit to wake the dead, and Johnson's arm swung back as the attendants swarmed into the ring. Johnson hurried to the centre, and McIntosh, pointing to him, roared, "I declare Johnson winner on points!"

As McIntosh's voice rebounded from the walls of the Stadium that mighty concourse remained silent. Johnson waved his hands to the crowd that did not cheer him. A few straggling voices were raised, but they were mere flecks of sound in an ocean of silence. The black man had

fought a scrupulously fair fight, and won on points from start to finish. To the writer it seemed that he could have knocked Burns out any time after the seventh round. But the victory, fairly won as it was, was wholly unpopular. That crowd was white to the core. It had given the brown man a fair deal, and didn't feel called upon to do more. It put its hat on and streamed out. In 12 minutes from the paying over of the cheques the Stadium was empty.

The Overthrow of Fitzsimmons.

From the downfall or overthrow of Tahmmy Burns we leap exactly twelve months to the re-appearance of ancient Robert Fitzsimmons in the Stadium against Bill Lang, of Melbourne, Australia. It was on the morning of Tuesday, December 26, 1909; a morning of terrific heat and fervent glare. The Stadium was still unroofed, and it's a wonder both boxers did not fall by sunstroke.

Cornish by birth, Maoriland by upbringing, Australian by adoption, Yankee by domicile, Fitzsimmons had wandered back to Australia after an absence of 20 years with 320 fights, mostly victories, to his credit. In his sparring matches, his ball work, and the rest of his training operations, he showed himself to be a wonder. His old, old face, his strangely youthful body, his undoubted ring generalship, his skill as a boxer shown in a dozen friendly sparring matches, bewildered people generally, and puzzled experts who tried to estimate his chances. "Youth must tell!" said some. "Much science and some force is better than much force and less science," argued others. Personally writer figured it out that if Lang managed to survive the ring craft of the veteran for eight rounds Youth would prove triumphant; Lang's parlous period would be the first five or six rounds when his aged opponent would be fresh. After that the old man's strength would begin to ebb.

There was a time when, as Fitz. told a "Sun" interviewer, he used to announce with unerring accuracy in which round he would lay his man out. Asked to mention the number of Lang's final round, he declined—things were changed, and he was getting old. And when writer had seen Fitzsimmons finally laid out in the glaring sun of McIntosh's Stadium, he had a faint recollection of having read a description of that fight somewhere before. And it was in the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes, the third verse: "In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and those that look out of the windows be darkened." And that was the Lang-Fitzsimmons fight. As a boxer, there was no comparison between Lang and Fitzsimmons; but as a fighter the aged pug had no hope against the youthful and somewhat ungenerous Australian. As Lang bored in and roughed, leaning his weight upon him in clinches, the old man's legs trembled. When Lang show-

ered blows, wild swipes, wrist and elbow bashes, and jabbed and wrenched and played the wild animal generally, the old man bowed himself almost double to get out of the track of the blizzard, and when in the 12th round he was caught in the very vortex of the cyclone, he was dazed, helpless and unable to see sufficiently to

BOB FITZSIMMONS.

Drink
TOOHEY'S

ALES

and

STOUT

“Hock” Keys

The most accomplished glove artist Australia has produced. There has been no other like him.

even duck out of the way of the wild, aimless swipes.

It was apparent after the fourth round that Fitz's strength had gone. He shook ominously when the younger man occasionally landed. Then there would be flashes of the bygone "Freckled Freak," and Lang would be slapped and bashed in a way that made him look a perfect novice. Clean through his guard the quick, sudden jabs stung into his face, his head was banged from side to side, drives caught him in the stomach, and short-arm jolts on the jaw made him rock and hang on for safety. Then he would back away, to come again with wild rushes which, in Fitz's heyday, would have caused Lang's head to be knocked into the middle of the fourth row of seats. But the flashes of the ancient Fitz were short-lived. He would suddenly tire, and the venerable face would become drawn and wearied, and as the mass of youthful muscle walloped down on to him his legs would totter pitifully. He had shot his bolt, and although the shooting of it had been so pretty as to reduce the odds on Lang from five to one to five to four, there was little doubt what the end would be. Still, if he could weather it for 20 rounds, Fitz would win on points, and there was, of course, always the possibility of a sudden knock-out. Lang said he never doubted that he would win, but he appeared to be anything but confident, and seemed afraid of the reputation of the man he was up against. Fitz, watching him grimly, with that once terrible right ready to swing to the jaw, was obviously looking for the knock-out. And when the ancient eye fixed him Lang looked afraid. This fear was probably the cause of his unpopularity; it caused him to fight wild, and several times, probably quite without intention, he butted Fitz with his head and gave him some nasty blows with his elbow. The crowd howled demands for a foul. Also it hooted and made insinuations, and finally worked itself up into such a state of excitement that it wildly applauded every blow Fitz got home and yelled when Lang smote back.

Right up to the end of the 11th round Fitzsimmons seemed to hold his own on points. Truly, he had been knocked down twice, and once would have gone clean through the ropes on the ground but that Lang caught him by the arm and pulled him back. But, somehow, his wonderful skill, and the way he would make play all over Lang for a few moments would make him level again on points. Lang's offence was a sudden straight rush with the left thrown out and the right covering his jaw, and a heavy right swing after getting to close quarters. Again and again the right swing just missed the point by

what seemed a hair's breadth, or went inches wide round the old man's neck. In the in-fighting Lang's youthful strength gave him all the best of it, and he battered the old man badly. The veteran gave it all back, but Lang could stand it and Fitz couldn't. When he started the 12th round Fitz's body was quivering, and Lang rushed him fiercely. Again Fitz was knocked through the ropes at the N.-W. corner, but came up again, dazed and blinded. Lang was so excited he didn't know what to do, and automatically the tottering veteran evaded, and they skirled away round the ring till, at the opposite corner, Lang again got him on the ropes, and bashed him with right and left. Fitz fell back against the ropes, and as they tightened tottered forward and went down to be counted out.

There is no doubt that Lang had improved enormously, but writer failed to see any signs of a coming world-beater about him. Unusually strong, fresh from much practice with Johnson, better and stronger

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in every way, it took him 12 rounds of frantic effort and much battering to knock out an old man of about 52. For writer didn't believe the yarn re Fitz being only 46 or so. The man was over 50. As Lang said afterwards, Fitz was a hard man to hit, yet with the tactics he adopted, Lang, had there been in him any of the stuff of which real world-champions are made, would have flattened out the ancient inside four rounds. But as the matter stood, Fitz as a boxer was still far ahead of him. It was sheer exhaustion on Fitz's part that gave Lang the victory. Never before in Sydney Stadium had there been such a splendid exhibition of skill, of graceful glove work, of rapid evasion and quiet, confident ducking as that put up by Robert Fitzsimmons, the hero of 320 fights, who had come back to the scene of his first successes to bury his fame. Probably he would have lasted even longer but for the heat, which half-roasted the writer in his place at the ring-side. It was like fighting in a Turkish bath, and the old man dripped as he moved about the ring.

The fight was not nearly so gory as the sparring match with Tommy Burns. One old wound which opened up on Fitz's face and a gashed nose on Lang constituted the whole list of visible damages. The crowd was most orderly, and it was highly pleased with the display made by its hero. Although he was knocked out it felt that it had got its money's worth, and went away satisfied. Two sets of cinematograph pictures were taken.

One could not help comparing the downfall of Fitzsimmons with that of Tommy Burns in the same ring exactly one year

before. In the later fight there was not one word spoken by the two men after the scrap started. They came out and fought in absolute silence. When Fitz was outed, Lang, immediately the result was declared, waved his gloved fist in the air, shouted his triumph, and then rushed over to see how it fared with his opponent. When he found he was all right he went away quietly to his dressing-room, called on Fitz in his, and afterwards asked him to join in a glass of champagne. Which Fitz did. Apparently the only man in the Stadium who was not displeased with Lang was Fitz himself. He said afterwards for publication that Lang fought a most gentlemanly fight, and that the referee had nothing to do but count him out. Which was generous of Fitz, for the referee had a lot of mighty hard work to make Lang break properly. The knock-out was, according to one professional on the spot, "most artistic." Just enough to place the matter beyond all doubt, and yet do the victim no injury. Fitz described the sensations in his quiet way. "I wasn't exactly unconscious. I could see them all, and hear Mr. Scott counting; but for the life of me I couldn't get up. I tried to—no hope. Something seemed to shout to me that time was running out, and I would be outed, but I couldn't get up. Then the mist cleared, I was helped up, and found that I had been a beaten man for the best part of two minutes. It was wonderful." Apparently it was the first time the old man had been really knocked out; and he had found as a new experience what the average novice learns at the very beginning of the game.

GRIFFO,
A Phenomenal Fighter of the Past.

First American Contingent.

From the overthrow of Bob Fitzsimmons nothing worthy of being called "famous" eventuated till Tuesday morning, December 26, 1911, when the two Sams, McVea and Langford, met for the first battle in Sydney. In between times we had some visiting Yankee boxers, Messrs. Papke, "Cyclone" Thompson, and Jimmy Clabby. But none of them put up scraps calculated to live in the memory. One of the best battles during that stagnant period was that between Johnny Summers and Rudolph Unholz, the Boer. It was refereed by Mr. William Squires, and raged on the night of Wednesday, January 26, 1910.

UNHOLZ v. SUMMERS.

It was a delightful evening, cool and balmy, and as the gentleman said at the inquest, "All was peace!" Summers kissed his rosary and then stepped forward and met something totally unlike anything he had met before. It came at him with a spring and landed right and left on the ribs; then clinched, and wrenched and rasped, hit sixteen different ways at once, and punished Summers severely in the first minute. The English boy was puzzled. Next, he lost his temper somewhat, and rushed Unholz in a sudden burst of fury; and discovered what he might have known from Kipling's story of the "Drums of the Fore and Aft." And that was that Unholz was not nearly so dreadful in defence as in attack. Finding that Summers was getting in first Unholz made the pace swift. So they were both rushing to get in first; and in one of these rallies Unholz stopped one with his nose, caught another on the temple, and was glad to get into a clinch. But Summers didn't want any clinch and managed to evade and plug the staggering Rudolph while he evaded. Unholz swayed and staggered, as though about to drop.

"Kid-stakes, keep away from him, Johnny," frantically howled the Summers following, but their voices were lost in the boom of the roaring audience. And Summers did not keep away from him, and Rudolph, clinching, got in some bashes that made the English boy wince. Still when they separated Rudolph had a "horse" under his eye and something that looked like a Brussels sprout on his cheek.

Unholz came right in again, and the be-

wildered Summers tried to hold him. He might as well have tried to hold a bag of tigers or 200 yards of old Waterbury watch spring.

It was not till the third round that Summers got the proper hang of things, and then he smote the gallant little Boer right and left, anticipated his rushes, and smashed him in a way that would have knocked out many a heavyweight. In the fifth Unholz was down, but came up after eight seconds and mixed it gallantly. But he was overmatched, and barring a sudden knock-out it was obvious from the end of the third round Summers must win. When the bell went in the seventh Summers did not hear it and landed Unholz one-two-three long after his seconds were in the ring. But Unholz proudly refused to appeal, and the referee overlooked it, although according to the rules Johnny was out there and then. Unholz pushed back his howling seconds—he wanted no foul, he would have no foul.

In the 10th the plucky Boer was down again after a terrific battering, but at the sixth second he sprang up and rolled into Summers so suddenly that Johnny had taken a shower before he knew what was happening. But a fierce uppercut and a straight drive forced Unholz's head right back. In the 18th Rudolph struggled desperately for a knock-out, but had never a hope and got badly bashed while looking for it. In the last round Summers cut loose, went baresark, and ran amok, and with a shower of sledge-hammer blows beat Rudolph to the floor, where he looked as if he were going right out, but he suddenly scrambled up and hung on and kept going till the final gong went.

Then the fun commenced. Right through the fight the crowd had been addressing endearments to Bill Squires, who was referee. "Good old Boshter Bill—you're ALL-right!" they purred lovingly. Just then Bill, dragging the two fighters together, hoisted one arm of each and roared it was a draw. Then "good old Boshter Bill" suddenly learned with amazement that he was good no longer; that he had been suddenly transformed into a cow with many adjectives before it; that he was a beast of the worst sort beastly; and that he was "a thing." Also he was anathema and totally ignorant of the first principles of fighting. He

JIMMY CLABBY,
The Great Milwaukee Middleweight.

had never dreamed that a popular idol could go down in so short a space of time. He was dumbfounded.

* * *

DAVE SMITH v. JIMMY CLABBY.

The Yankee boxers were a considerable disappointment. None of their fights were really worth recording, except, perhaps, that between Dave Smith and Jimmy Clabby, and that more on account of its environment than itself. But it was picturesque, if not great. Ten rounds were fought through pelting rain with the thunder of cheering thousands drowning the roar of the storm. Smith stood up in the good olden English style, while Clabby affected the "American crouch." The flaring Lux lights that illuminated the Stadium were repeatedly thrown into shadow by the lightning flashes, but no one cared what happened so long as the fight was not postponed. Apparently a stone to the good, Smith attacked, falling on Clabby's kidney region in a manner that the young American disliked very much. A red splurge began to show, and Clabby evinced signs of pain. But he fought all he knew. He tried the American wrestling tactics, only to get the worst of it. The Red Indian used to make a point of honor of laughing loudly and horribly when his opponent split his skull, and the modern Yankee bruiser smiles a ghastly smile while his enemy knocks hunks off him. Clabby's smile became a gruesome thing, but the owner stuck to it gamely, and kept it on his face all the time. His smile was peculiar. He seemed to turn away from Smith, and then spring in sideways in an endeavor to catch the Australian with a whirly-whirly. But he was met with straight lefts and rights, which stopped his whirly-whirly at the beginning or, at the worst, half-way. The third was a terrific round. Twice Clabby caught Smith on the jaw and looked like finishing him. But Smith kept cool, and in a clinch he smote Clabby on the jaw. Clabby swayed, but with splendid grit managed to elude and reach the haven of "time." Clabby's generalship was superb. And it had need to be. For he was literally punched all round the ring, and yet in the midst of it all, with his face set in that horrible grin that he mistook for a smile, he kept a cool head and managed to avoid the knock-out blow that seemed imminent through all his long and painful ordeal. Had Smith known more he could have finished Clabby almost any time after the seventh. But that was just the trouble. He was still green and lacked ring confidence.

A blinding flash, followed almost im-

mediately by crashing, echoing thunder, brought the audience to its feet with a bound and a curse. Then the fountains of heaven burst. It was not rain, but a literal sheet of water that struck the people and broke like a wave against the iron walls of the Stadium. Many thought it was a cloud burst. And then there came a mighty wind, and the most awful rattling, crushing riot of sound tore the atmosphere to pieces. It was the rattle of the wind-driven rain against the iron walls. But in the ring they never let up a moment. Round and round, through

From the overthrow of Bob Fitzsimmons the driving rain, the suffocating wind, they swirled. Clabby backing away, Smith in savage pursuit, smashing and driving. Clabby fought like a Paladin; but the Sledgehammer beat him back, and when he stood up beat down his guard and made Clabby fain to take refuge once more in flight. Details were lost in that terrific downpour, and it was hard to see, for the eyes were dazed by the lightning. But when the wind swept the rain aside Smith was seen getting all over Clabby, whose right eye was bleeding while his left was closing. Then, right at the finish, Clabby pulled himself together and went in for a knock-out. The way he bored in deserved better luck. And he got a fearful bashing while doing it. He landed some vicious blows, too, but his strength had been battered out of him, and only once 'did it look as though he might pull off his knock-out. That was when he got a wild left swing right into Smith's stomach. Smith gasped, but before Clabby could follow up Smith smothered the attack under a shower of wallops. Then through the rain they were seen standing toe to toe, shooting wildly. Then Clabby reeled and the gong sounded, and "Snowy" Baker announced Smith winner on points. It was a great fight.

"CYCLONE" JOHNNY v. DAVE SMITH.

On the night of Monday, February 6, the same year, Dave Smith met "Cyclone" Johnny Thompson, a 12 stone "light-weight" from Chicago, and one of the visiting crowd of Americans. At that time Smith was a decidedly handsome boy—and Thompson wasn't. His homespun appearance served as a foil for Smith's masculine beauty. Johnny's Maker must have been dreaming He was back in the Mesozoic age when He fashioned Johnny, and sent him into the world armor-plated to do battle with the monsters of the Jurassic seas, so that if the saurian smote Johnny's jaw with his tail, it was the tail that would be broken.

Dave Smith

The Australian
Middle and Heavy
Weight Cham-
pion. Defeated
only by the Indian
sign.

If a man hit him with a hammer it would be necessary to get a new implement before putting up a hat-peg. Nor only was he made hard for defence, but the Lord deprived him of a neck so that it might not get broken. He also gave him the least possible nose that a man might breathe with, so that if it had to bend under a blow, his granite face would rescue it before it was bent to breaking point. He gave Johnny gigantic shoulders, vast hitting powers, and cyclopean hips, where a mass of toughened muscle makes him strong for the rough and tumble wrestling to which Yankee boxing had at that time degenerated.

But the "Cyclone" was surely a joke. Johnny was not cyclonic. He was glacial. It was said before the fight that the American had remarked that he expected to get chopped up for six rounds, and then he'd start to land a few on his own

"CYCLONE" JOHNNY THOMPSON.

account. And for six rounds he was chopped up. The opening was always the same. Thompson would whirl up his arms and walk into battle deliberately. Smith would amble lightly across and hit Thompson on whatever point his nose had. He did it regularly and never missed a round. He pounded Thompson's face with right and left, and blinded but could not disconcert him. That fearful Yankee bored in looking for a chance to swing his sledgehammer right. The chance never came; though he swung it often enough, it always failed to land. Had it done otherwise, Smith would have vanished. In the fourth round he just grazed Smith's nose and chin, and got soundly slapped for his effort. Smith's footwork was beautiful, and the way he bashed Thompson in the face was beginning to interfere with the fight. By the end of the sixth round Thompson couldn't breathe through his nose, and as he lumbered round the ring trying to get Smith into position to be killed, his wind could be heard whistling through his teeth. He started to wrestle, and it became evident he had realised that his only chance was to bore in, worry his man, and knock him out. Once he nearly lost on a foul. In the 10th he almost got his chance, but missed, and as he was being smacked he brought a right swing that dropped Smith. Smith took the nine seconds and then got up and showed some of the prettiest of blocking. In the 11th Thompson made a desperate attempt to knock-out, but only got pasted worse than ever. As the end drew near he increased his efforts. In the 20th the "cyclone" act was in full blast, but Thompson reminded one more of an elephant than any cyclone seen in these parts. The referee said "Smith on points." The only possible decision.

* * *

PAPKE v. SMITH.

On March 11, the same year, 1911, Dave Smith's career of victory ended. The Billy Papke he had got all over till that gentleman fouled him on December 6, 1910, knocked him out in the seventh round. But Papke's victory was more a testimonial to his business acumen than his boxing prowess.

HUGHIE MEHEGAN,
Famous Australian Lightweight.

The McVea-Langford Campaign.

THE FIRST FIGHT.

There were some 20,000 or 30,000 hot and dusty people—far more than the staggered tramway service felt qualified to cope with—at the great Stadium of McIntosh, at Rushcutters Bay, Sydney, on Boxing Day, 1911. They came to see the 20-round coolness between Langford and McVea, two images of the Lord done in ebony, or, rather, in burnt sienna. There was the usual gathering of male supporters at the corners of the ring, and the clothes of that gathering were wonderful to behold. The parties included bottle-holders, fanners, the men in charge of the block of ice to put on the patient's neck, the gentleman who poured water over his principal, the giver of good advice, and the person who bestowed moral support. The names of these esteemed citizens can be found in the files of the daily press. The audience applauded a little when some ladies entered, and the man with the megaphone announced that Jim Barry, a United States heavyweight, recently arrived, was just aching to hit the winner where it would do him most harm.

The two colored men seemed unequally matched. Langford looked small by comparison, and his hair was cut so short that he had practically none. McVea was much bigger, and had a mat of wool on his cranium. He had the longer reach and the greater weight, and he had twice as much hair on his legs as his rival. His extremities were like masts and his chest suggested the side of a quarry. Langford wore an affable countenance, which might, if necessary, do service in nigger minstrelsy, while the other man looked on the world with a warlike expression, and wore a chin that stuck out like a cow-catcher. It was a fighting countenance that McVea turned on the admiring multitude. On appearance, in fact, the one feature of equality was that both men were named Samuel. Langford arrived first in a remarkable dressing gown. McVea turned up later in an amazing garment of similar description, and accompanied by a red and blue umbrella of heroic dimensions. Langford inspected McVea critically, as if searching him for hidden weapons. McVea didn't inspect Langford at all. Referee "Snowy" Baker took off his hat and prepared to pursue his profession

bare-headed in the hot sun. Later, he changed his mind and resumed his hat.

It was a fairly-strenuous and skilful, but rather dreary combat, and went the full 20 rounds. The men were very evenly matched, despite the discrepancy of size. Langford had a deadly punch, which should have settled the question if it had been at the end of a longer arm. McVea had a wallop like an astronomical telescope for length, but apparently there wasn't a heavy enough missile at the end of it. There wasn't one knock-down in the whole proceedings, though the friendly countenance of Langford slid halfway to the floor once. Langford rushed the game, and did most of the hard work. He had the courage of a long line of bulldogs, and his one great desire was to get at his enemy. McVea kept on the defensive part of the time, which Langford never did. Over and over again the swiftness of the big man's long, hairy legs got him briskly out of a corner which looked a very awkward corner indeed. It was Langford's ambition to smite the vast area of his antagonist in any lawful part, and, when they clinched, the busy little boxer biffed his enemy on the back to save time. He hated to be doing nothing, but there was so much of McVea's back that he hadn't a chance to hit all of it twice before the last gong sounded. McVea aimed at Langford's face for preference, and closed his right eye in one of his rushes. That was about the 16th round, and thereafter Langford fought a somewhat one-sided campaign. Towards the end, the sun of his other eye threatened to set also, though these were the only signs of damage he showed. There were no visible evidences of deterioration on McVea, except that he sometimes wore a more hostile expression than at other times. Langford's biffs were far the more audible of the two, but then he was biffing the battlements of a very hard and bony, though somewhat slow proposition.

It was really a triangular disagreement, for Referee "Snowy" Baker was fighting both parties a great part of the morning. They clinched an extraordinary number of times in every round, and were mostly heedless of "Snowy's" adjurations. So that athlete had to rush to the spot in his greenish trousers and untidy felt hat, and tear the hot, slippery gladiators apart,

SAM LANGFORD,
"The Boston Tar Baby."

and he was kept busy. It was at these times that Langford used to slap McVea so cordially on the back. Barring one occasion, when the referee said something about a suspicion of elbow work in a clinch, there was no need to issue warnings, and the men didn't talk to each other or to the audience during the scrap, as big, murky Johnson did when he was swarming all over Tommy Burns. For the first half or more of the engagement, things seemed absolutely level. Then Langford waded in to do a finish, and put in three rounds of extraordinary pluck and effort. Apparently, he realised that he was up against a very hard wall, and resolved to knock the coping-stone off it before his strength gave out. But, though the biff he did was something tremendous, it was generally a retreating wall that he struck. At this stage McVea's long, impassioned legs did him good service, and he seemed to have an ambition to tire the other man out. After that it was a very weary Langford who fought the last three rounds against a much less exhausted McVea. Still, the smaller Samuel had made so good a showing, both for skill and courage, that when, at the finish, "Snowy" Baker promptly put his hand on the steaming shoulder of McVea, and declared him the winner, a considerable section of the audience was surprised, and said so frankly. This section said it was sorry it hadn't brought a dead cat with it. Some regarded it as a draw, and not a few would have given Langford the verdict. Langford sat down heavily in his corner at the finish, and looked a very tired man. McVea leaped in the air with a bright, fresh leap when he heard of his victory. Whether the expression on his face was pure joy, or largely astonishment, it was difficult to say.

If the churches had sent a deputation to the Langford-McVea fight, it should have done considerable damage to the anti-boxing movement. Despite the energy that was put into the proceedings the damage was trivial compared to that at an ordinary football match. In fact, a brawny expert, with a wall of muscle all round him, isn't an easy proposition to damage with six-ounce gloves. But the churches stayed away, and doubtless drew fearsome pictures in their own minds of blood and entrails and all manner of horrors.

THE SECOND BATTLE.

Mr. Arthur Scott refereed the second meeting of these gladiators in Sydney. It is called their second battle, as this book deals only with battle at the Sydney

Stadium. Strictly, it was their third battle. In the previous fight Langford had learned that to wage successful battle with the elusive McVea he wanted a considerable increase of speed. Half the blows he had landed in the previous encounter had been hard enough to have secured knock-outs had they been dropped on a stationary boxer or one coming in; but they had lost their venom because they fell on a retreating man, and he had had as much chance of knocking out McVea as he had of knocking a hole through a swinging door. To have a hope he had to be close up. So he had trained to increase his speed of foot and fist. When he entered the ring the night of Monday, April 3, 1912, the general impression round the ring was that, barring a fluked knock-out, Langford had no hope whatever of victory.

But when they started, onlookers realised at once this was a very improved Langford. He was quicker by far than before, and he was as fierce as 25 tigers tied together by the tails. He roughed and ripped, and, getting in close, tried to lever McVea's jaw up with his left glove and smash it with his right fist. It was a new device, and filled McVea with horror. He backed away from it and regarded Langford much as he would a full-grown octopus. Mac determined to stand off and box him, and set to work on that right eye. In the second round the brow began to show signs of the treatment, and as the fight progressed it got bigger and bigger still. But after a while Langford evolved a defence. As the left hook came in, he would take it on the right glove and send his own left over to McVea's jaw, and then follow up with a shower of sudden jabs.

McVea evaded beautifully, and never showed better as a boxer than he did during the first five rounds. His defence was splendid; and it looked as though the Tar Baby was going to wear himself out in vain endeavor. In the clinches Langford got in some nasty wallops, till the police intimated that a clean break must be adhered to.

The turning point of the scrap was the seventh round. Till then McVea had out-boxed his tiger-cat opponent, and when the police insisted on a clean break he shot in his left or came in with a stab with all the weight of his body behind it, and then clinched. But in the seventh he had been driven back, and, stepping against the ropes was sent towards Langford by the rebound, and just as he went in Langford's left shot out and landed like a falling tower right on the jaw.

Down went McVea's tail. He hung on,

**YOU SMOKE
YELLOW ASTER
TOBACCO**

**IN
TINS
ONE OUNCE
AND
TWO OUNCE.**

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badly rattled, and neither referee nor Langford could make him let go. The gong came in the nick of time, for another smash like that and the fight had ended right there. For the next three rounds he was badly dazed and hung on flagrantly. When he was beginning to revive in the 11th he stopped two more real bad ones and a third that did him no good.

Then he lost his bundle altogether, and from thence till the 18th was obviously a whipped nigger. He cuddled hideously, and sometimes Referee Scott pulled him off and sometimes Langford got one hand free and punched him off. And yet for a few seconds in each round he would regain his courage, and with it his skill, and anticipating Langford's terrific charges, deal it out to Langford's eyes, both of which were slowly closing, especially the right. Once, in the 15th, he caught Langford a beauty right on the point that made that whirling savage hang on and return the cuddle he had been making frantic efforts to get away from most of the evening.

In the last round McVea went in very gamely, and tried for a knock-out per medium of an upper-cut which missed its mark by the thickness of a shaving. When the gong went Referee Scott immediately pointed to Langford—it was the only possible decision.

McVea did not fight half the battle he put up on Boxing Day—and Langford fought twice as well and ten times as fiercely. But it was not the superior fighting power of Langford that lost McVea the fight so much as his own pure, unmitigated funk. He never really got his tail up again after that moment in the seventh round when he thought a tank had fallen on his face, and the parcel he collected in the 11th completed his demoralisation. He forgot he had 35lb. more weight behind his blows, and the facts that he was four inches taller and three inches longer in the reach faded from his memory. He was not the man to fight an uphill battle, and the crowd's bloodthirsty yells of encouragement to Langford to kill him or knock his head over the neighboring gasometer made his sinking heart hit the floor. Mr. Referee Scott had a strenuous time in the ring. Twice he got in the way of a blizzard of blows Langford let fly while McVea was trying to hold him; and one of them must have hurt sorely, while the number of narrow escapes was legion.

THE THIRD AND FOURTH BATTLES IN SYDNEY.

In May, 1912, the McInstoush commenced the work of roofing in the Stadium, and

that enclosure took on the elegant appearance that it has to-day. McVea and Langford were to fight again on the 16th, and the work was carried on at top speed to allow the meeting to take place. In the meantime McVea had a dispute with his motor-car, and foolishly stuck his finger into its innards. The car retaliated by nearly taking the member off. As time went on, Samuel got the fright of his life, and hurriedly drew up his will, having discovered, as he thought, that the finger had mortified or developed gangrene, or something, if possible, worse. When he looked at it one morning he discovered to his horror that the digit had turned WHITE, or the color of soiled pipeclay. Naturally, McVea considered that anything that could turn his finger white was deadly. He prepared to meet his Maker, and made a start by cancelling all his engagements except the one with his Maker. But the McInstoush was made of sterner stuff. After gazing steadfastly on the phenomenon for a few seconds he delivered himself of a few forcible, well-chosen remarks about the idiocy of not calling in a doctor, and telephoned for one at once. The doctor came, with his amputating axe in his hand, but declared the wound well and truly healed, and explained that the petrol injected into the negro's skin had had a bleaching effect. What McVea had thought was gangrene was merely a bleached patch. He was interrupted by a loud cheer from McInstoush, who suggested that McVea should soak himself in petrol, bleach himself, and run, under McInstoush's auspices, as a new White Hope.

In the meantime McVea, who was obviously anxious to avoid meeting Langford, crayfished out of the engagement, and the roofing of the Stadium was interfered with by the decision to put in concrete foundations for every pile; so the place was practically pulled down and rebuilt. An operation which involved much more time and expense than the original idea of merely covering it in.

The third scrap between the two Sams does not call for any description. In fact, there was nothing to describe. The fight was utterly spoiled by the interference of the police officer in charge, Mr. Superintendent Goulder. This gentleman was not accustomed to attending boxing matches, and he interfered to such an extent and laid down so many new instructions that the niggers got mixed up and almost afraid to hit one another. The Superintendent seemed to regard anything closer than 18in. as "in-fighting," which was forbidden. Also, he regarded any wallops on the back below the nape of the neck as "kidney-punches," which he regarded

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Is it **reasonable** to expect that weakened muscles, which are becoming weaker and weaker every day through disuse and neglect can be **relied** upon to bear the exacting strain imposed upon them by the strenuous business methods of to-day?

But, isn't it **more** reasonable to assume that the "last straw" will bring about nervous breakdown, or other equally serious illnesses, which will then **compel** prolonged rest.

Remember, the human body is a machine—a most intricate and complicated mechanism, which demands that every part should efficiently perform its functions.

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You will find my many and varied breathing exercises most beneficial. They will pump abundant measures of health-giving oxygen into your blood, and expel the poisonous carbonic acid your blood has collected in travelling through your body.

Good, rich, pure blood will course through your veins, giving nourishment to the brain, muscles and tissues of your frame.

Remember, the clearness of your brain, the strength of your nerves, and your pleasure of life depend absolutely on the tone and vigor of your vital organs—the heart, lungs, stomach, and intestines—which are muscular, and require judicious exercise for their preservation.

Surely you are sufficiently interested in the preservation of your health to call and have a chat.

REG. L. ("Snowy") BAKER

Belmont Buildings,

15 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY.

with loathing and would not permit. On one occasion Mr. Goulder, glorious in some form of fancy dress, arose and bellowed dramatically thundered "This must stop!" And he dramatically declared the combat at an end. Meanwhile someone whispered in his ear, and he allowed the carnage to continue, but after that both boxers spent so much time in avoiding disqualification, there was none left for fighting. In the end Langford got the decision on points, and was hailed next day as the man entitled to meet the golden-mouthed Johnson.

The fourth fight took place on the night of Boxing Day, 1912. Langford administered an absolute dog-walloping that ended in the 13th round with a knockout. He appeared to do it more in sorrow than in anger, and when he ended the pitiful show by administering the "coup de grace," he did it only because he felt the pricks of conscience, and realised that the bluffing of the public which had worked so successfully up to that point was likely to explode at any moment and land him in a slough of deprecation.

And, after all, the interests of Sam Langford were above all other earthly considerations. McVea is a better boxer than Langford; but Langford is a better fighter than McVea. McVea opened badly by trying to achieve the closing of Langford's right eye as he did aforetime, regardless of the fact that Langford had long ago evolved a solid defence against that particular wallop. Still, he got it in occasionally, and it didn't make Langford feel any better. If it had any effect at all, it was to make the sawn-off one hit McVea harder, and in that first round Langford was feeling fresh and hitting very hard. The fair brown belly, with good living lined, had not begun to make its weight felt, and McVea looked an anxious nigger as he went to his chair. He started the second round vimfully by poking his left into Langford's angelic countenance quickly and often. It spoilt Langford's aim, and put him out of his stride, and when he got ready to hit after the interruption he found the other Samuel far away and out of reach. The bell closed a round that was distinctly McVea's. McVea's stock began to rise.

The third round saw some fierce rallies in which Langford stopped something which split his bottom lip slightly. It wasn't serious, but Langford seemed to resent it, and came up for the fourth with the distinct intention of being unpleasant. The disturbance grew lively, and blood, teeth and general smash were the order of the going. Towards the end of the riot Langford swung a sort of half-bred

uppercut, which drove McVea's bottom lip against his top teeth, and put another mouth on the already richly-dowered ex-idol of Paris. He bled like an abattoirs; he spat gore by the mouthful; he dripped blood on Langford's hair (he has grown a little lately); he smeared it over his shoulder; and when he was hit in the face the foam flew over the pressmen. He took nine seconds on the floor, and, when he got up, he was obviously all but out. But Langford seemed to get confused, and stood off and looked at his work instead of finishing him; and when he did come in McVea drove one to the eye which set the tar-baby thinking hard. The fifth saw Langford down for two seconds, the result of a slip, assisted by a slight wallop. He bounded up, and McVea stood off and sparred for wind and time.

SAM McVEA.

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6 GOLD MEDALS

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The sixth found Langford still boring in, and McVea meeting him with vicious stabs at the right eye. McVea dripped blood from his gashed mouth, but was rapidly coming to himself when he left an opening and Langford landed a few lefts and rights which, had they been of the same dynamic quality as those of the earlier rounds, had sent McVea to sleep for a week. It looked as though Langford was tiring badly.

The seventh was mostly drip, drip, drip. Langford became a red man. Again his close-cropped hair was scarlet, and long lines and smears of blood lay along his brown skin. Langford bored in and smote and smote, but smote without sting, and McVea responded feebly. McVea was done, and ready for the slaughter. They were both horribly slow, and beastly uninteresting. The eighth was drearier still. Both took some on the jaws in the rallies, and McVea got to Langford's body with a vicious pair. But mostly he just smothered, and Langford gave up hitting hard.

The ninth opened with McVea getting a rather hard one on the injured mouth—both mouths, in fact. He responded with a feeble one in the stomach, the nose and the stomach again. The 10th saw McVea pasted in the opening clash, and staggering about helplessly. Tears rolled down his cheeks; perspiration trickled down him; blood dripped from his awful mouth. Langford practically gave up hitting, and just pushed him about the ring, and a fool-audience howled applause. The 11th was a farce. McVea couldn't fight, and Langford wouldn't. The police moved uneasily in the seat of the Law, but as no mortal man could see any punishment being inflicted, the howling joke continued. The way McVea dripped gore gave things a strenuous look, but none of the blows given would have dropped a rabbit; Langford was practising a bit of fine art, making the glove give a sounding thwack without hurting his brother nigger. It was elegant, artistic and very accomplished, but it wasn't fighting. In the opening

RA VINEYARDS.

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of the 12th Langford's conscience drove him to paste McVea a little, and Mac feebly replied. Time was flagrantly wasted in the clinches; Langford was obviously giving his battered brother a chance to recover, and only towards the end of the round did he send in a few neatly-measured jolts—neatly measured to do no harm, but very effective in appearance. It was plain awful. When the 13th started Langford made a show of hitting his helpless, dripping rival, and, apparently, overdid it. McVea fell against the ropes, and he was so utterly helpless, so obviously incapable of beating off a well-developed blow-fly, that Langford simply had to give him the "coup de grace." Nevertheless, he gave it delicately, making a brave show of landing four on the open jaw. McVea sagged down, Scott howled the count, and at nine McVea tried to rise. His trembling legs went on strike and he slipped back, shook his head and was declared out. It was a good fight at the beginning, but after

the sixth round was barefaced humbug. McVea was whipped by the end of the fourth round, and at any time after the fifth Langford looked capable of knocking him out. And if his failure to do it wasn't deliberate, it looked so like it that it was just as bad.

Some Miscellaneous Mills.

MEHEGAN v. CLABBY.

On Wednesday, April 3, Hughie Mehegan had a hideous experience with Clabby. The battle had been advertised, as being for the Welterweight Championship of Australia, but as Clabby could not make less than 10st. 7½lb., even after taking off his shoes, the welterweight championship ceased to be an element of the disturbance. Mehegan scaled 9st. 8lb., so he entered the ring against a man practically a stone heavier than himself, and strong and formidable enough to put up a draw battle with the light-heavyweight Dave Smith. Moreover, he had impressed the light-heavyweight so much that Mr. Dave Smith was not taking any more Mr. Clabby, thank you. Under these circumstances, Mehegan was adjudged to have no possible hope. But it turned out to be one of the most level fights ever seen in the historic Stadium. For 10 rounds it was altogether Mehegan's, and he piled up the points in a way that made the Yankees present sick with horror. Then his steam gave out and he slowed down.

Then Clabby came along at a great pace—much faster than a Victorian mixed train, and for five vicious rounds piled up his contra account. Then, he, too, suddenly petered out. The pace had told on both of them, and for four more rounds they wilted in turns, and it was going to end, as far as anyone could see, in a draw, or in both parties fainting. Mr. Referee Baker had threatened to disqualify the first man who failed to step back at the word. In the last round Clabby crowded Mehegan to the ropes and Mehegan clinched. "Step back!" fluted the soft, persuasive voice of the referee. Mehegan couldn't unless he went through the ropes out on top of the pressmen, and that is forbidden by all the laws of boxing and the dictates of humanity. Clabby took no notice, and Mehegan turned to explain to the referee that he couldn't. Just as he was in the middle of his explanation something happened. Mehegan thought the planet had burst, or a thunderbolt had dropped on him.

But it was only Clabby's fist.

It was a rattler, and it took Mehegan all he knew to avoid the knock-out. But for the timely howl of the bell he would certainly have got it. And the referee, having allowed the wallop that had re-

duced Mehegan to such a condition, was, of course, perfectly in order in giving Clabby the decision. Whether he was in order in allowing the wallop is another question. But it's all in the game.

* * *

READ v. MCCOY.

The fight between the Australian lightweights Herbert McCoy and Jack Read on the night of Saturday, August 10, 1912, was a very charming affair, and interesting to remember as the one at which McCoy first showed he possessed the makings of a champion. Read had made a very favorable impression and was regarded as hard-hitting and unusually tough problem. From the very first it was apparent that this young Victorian McCoy was a finished artist and had been in the hands of a very efficient teacher. He used both hands freely and impartially. It was quite immaterial to him which way he hit, and the kind of blow that suited his purpose best was always the kind he sent in—chop, jab, swing or straight drive, as the occasion demanded. They were all easy. Read had the advantage of height and reach, and was one of the most handsome and well-made boxers ever seen in the Stadium.

On this occasion he fought a very gallant battle, but he lacked the skill and ruthlessness of his better-trained opponent. He hesitated to finish a staggering foe in cold blood, so to speak. When he had McCoy in a bad way he hesitated to rush in and quench the smoking flax, but when McCoy got Read rocking he got in hard and did his best to break the bruised Read.

For the first three rounds Read was a whirling, rushing blizzard, a tornado of swipes and bashes, a cyclone of straight drives with all his weight behind them. McCoy seemed to be almost overwhelmed, and was blown like a dead leaf round the ring. Every time the gong went it seemed to go just in time to prevent him getting more than he could bear and live. It was not till the tail-end of the third round McCoy got any chance at all, and then he placed a regular wattlesnoozer on Read's nose. In the fourth Read was not quite the bounding tiger he had been hitherto, and McCoy began to sit up and take notice.

Just hereabouts he discovered that an

PETER JACKSON,
The Daddy of them All.

excellent system of defence is to monopolise the billet of attacking party. But in the fifth he stopped two fierce rushes of Read with his jaw in quick succession, and the big end of the purse was Read's for the taking. But he lacked the ruthlessness to do it, and before he could screw himself to it the gong intervened and the opportunity had gone, for when McCoy came out he was refreshed and made the battery very even. Then he started to pile up points very rapidly and shook Read with successive uppercuts till in the ninth he apparently had him done. Then he went in to kill. But Read drove hard and straight in a desperate rally—and then it was McCoy who was all but out. In the eleventh McCoy came right out of his shell and did his best, or his worst to Read, but failed to knock him. Read took wholly to the defensive till in the fourteenth he was going fast when the gong saved him. The sixteenth saw McCoy make another mighty effort. Read beat him off, pushed him off, and Mr. Referee Scott tore him off, but he wouldn't be kept off, and went after Read like one possessed. McCoy had become the cyclone.

But Read weathered it, and just before the gong went he smashed McCoy on the jaw so that the cyclone died down to a gentle zephyr.

The seventeenth and eighteenth saw McCoy putting up herculean efforts and Read making wild rallies. But it was evident that McCoy was the stronger. He was still afraid of those smashing drives that Read always seemed to be able to send out, so he fought cautiously.

But he was the aggressor, and in the final round everybody looked for a hurricane. It never came. McCoy's boiler had given out, and Read was too exhausted. When Mr. Scott pointed to McCoy the outburst of cheering was sandwiched with the hooting of the ignorant.

* * *

JEROME v. BALZAC.

One of the most interesting scraps put up by the somewhat disappointing crowd of French boxers in Sydney in 1913 was that between Ercole de Balzac and Jeremiah Jerome, the well known Queensland aboriginal fighter. It took place on the evening of Saturday, February 22. The Stadium was crowded, and the grinning aboriginal was prime pet with the audience. Balzac regarded him with loathing. And small wonder. For as he went crouching towards his opponent with a stealthy sort of crawl, with his abnormally long arms extended and his copper-brown back with its darker scars gleaming under the electric light, with a dread-

ful grin on his face, the writer could not help a creepy sensation about the spine. It seemed to be no fight between men, but a struggle between some half-tamed forest animal and a white man whose ancestors had forgotten 50 centuries ago the stealth and craft of primitive tree warfare. Erect, grave and looking curiously white by contrast with his opponent, Balzac seemed uneasy from the start. Those long arms of the wild thing beside him in the ring had put him to sleep in the first round of an engagement all too recently, and the Frenchman was taking no risks. When they fell together in the clinches, and white skin touched black, there seemed something uncanny and unclean in the contact, but the big crowd was unconscious of it, and the blackfellow was hailed in terms of fellowship and intimacy, and urged on to destroy the white. For one who called in the Frenchman's favor, there seemed to be a dozen yelling in favor of the black. The disparity in weight was consider-

JERRY JEROME.

Here's one in the Kidney for the Tailors of Sydney

WE stepped into the **RING** 12 months ago to put on the mitts with the City Tailors, with the result that Mr. Scott has tapped us on the head, which means **A WIN**. Of course, we only won **ON POINTS**, but in our next 12 months' battle we are going to try and give them

“THE KNOCK OUT.”

We have been training very hard. Our three Cutters have been doing good work, and our special Coat Hands have excelled themselves. Our Manager intends taking a trip to the Old Country (Woolloomooloo) to study the latest styles, including the **NEW** split “show your calves” Trousers. Also the new **MAID** on the **KNEE** Garments. These will be very much in vogue this year, especially the **MAID** portion.

Now look here, boys, don't you be **KIDDED** by misleading advertisements, where the Tailors make all sorts of promises to save you a **QUID**, or make you a present of a Pair of Trousers free of charge, or a Fancy Vest, or a Set of Boot Protectors. They might as well promise you a Piano, or an allotment of Ground in George-street. They might give you the Extra Trousers, but you'll have to pay for them indirectly, **YOU BET**.

People don't give things away for nothing nowadays, do they?

We have a range of 300 Patterns to choose from, including Fancy Worsteds, Cheviots, All-Wool Serges, Vicunas, and Fancy All-Wool Tweeds in all the latest designs. Our Suits are just as fashionably cut as the leading Tailors' Suits.

IT'S ALL A GAME OF BLUFF, and we hold the **ACES**.

OUR 35/- SUITS TO MEASURE are equal to other Tailor's 75/- Suits made to order. You give us your Order for your next **SUIT**, and if you are not satisfied we'll return you your money.

THAT'S FAIR, ISN'T IT!

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able, and the Frenchman was handicapped by about eight pounds, and this, coupled with Jerome's greater reach, made it practically a foregone conclusion that the white man would not win. Still, Balzac carried a punch of some magnitude, and several times he got home thrilling wallops which put the grin of Jeremiah out of action for a few moments. The black showed great agility in avoiding punishment, and slipped out of some ugly corners in a way that would have puzzled anything wearing a paler skin to have imitated. The crowd was hugely diverted at some of Jerome's antics. The large, crouched mass of Binghi in shabby loin rag, standing on big feet which seemed to be attached to the legs with sections of broomsticks instead of ankles, pawing at his foeman's glove at long range, seemed to afford infinite joy to the onlookers. The game was soon over. Up to the end of the fourth round the Frenchman must have established a good lead on points. In the middle of the fifth round a blow from the black fist crashed down on the white body and sent Balzac to the floor, where he remained writhing and took the full count of ten.

* * *

PAT BRADLEY v. SID STAGG.

Another fight that will be long remembered was that between Pat Bradley and Sid Stagg on the night of Saturday, May 10, '13. At that time Bradley did not pretend to know anything about boxing. But he was a moving mass of toughened bone and muscle against which nothing of ordinary human size took any effect so long as Bradley kept his jaw covered and his solar plexus out of reach. And that was practically always. And he rushed in and slogged and slogged, and slogged. When he got tired of that he slogged some more for a change. Incidentally, he biffed. Stagg was a most finished boxer, and he drove a perfect and fairly heavy left as straight as an arrow. But it was not nearly heavy enough to undo Bradley. He flashed in uppercuts in a way that was beautiful to see, and his side-stepping, ducking, fending and quick counter-attacks were perfect and splendid to watch. Even the rushing bull opposed to him used to look at him quizzically at times. Then he would hurl out a wallop the size of a carpet bag, cover his jaw with the other hand and catch the certain counter on the guard instead of the jaw. It was clever, though it did look rugged—and it was effective. In the twelfth Bradley got home a bad one that put Stagg down for nine seconds. Later on he whirled in a

handful of sudden death, but Stagg bobbed down serenely, and the wallop careering on to where Referee Scott was just out of effective range found a mark. Scott did not get the full sting of it, but he got a great deal more of it than he desired. Had he been a trifle closer it would have been necessary to get another referee to finish the fight. In the thirteenth Bradley whirled up his left. Stagg saw it coming, but there was no time to dodge it, he could not guard it; he got it right on the jaw, shot backwards, went down crash, and stayed there.

SID STAGG.

MARIE BRIZARD'S

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

IN ALMOST SIMILAR WICKER BOTTLES

RUM

M. SEGUR 57. 59 Macquarie St Sydney AGENT.

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The **ORIOLE** CROSS-CUT SAW

A CROSS-CUT SAW looks a very simple thing, but unless it is constructed on sound scientific principles and of durable material, it will not be effective very long. The edge must be the thick part of it, and that edge must be made of steel that will hold "the set." Also, the edge must be of the same thickness from end to end, or the saw will clog. The saw itself must taper away from the set edge to the thinnest of possible backs that will give the clearance, and be of a material that will yield a certain necessary amount of rigidity combined with elasticity. ¶ To meet these requirements the ORIOLE is constructed of specially made crucible steel.

¶ It will Hold the Set.

¶ If you want to achieve fame in The Ring, train and develop the muscles of your back, arms, and legs with practice on a cross-cut saw in the mornings. It is better than swimming exercise for the purpose of the boxer. Many of the world's best boxers have built up their development by so doing, and there are extant pictures of both such sterling fighters as

EDDIE McGOORTY
AND
PAT. BRADLEY

at work with the ORIOLE cross-cut saw. The bushman who has no intention of seeking glory in the ring, can lay the foundation of a fortune all the same with the ORIOLE—which will enable him to do as much in half a day as he can in twelve hours with an ordinary saw.

¶ Remember: It Keeps the Set

HENRY DISSTON & SONS,
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No. 80 SUSSEX ST., SYDNEY.

Pat Bradley

The Darling
of the Gods,
and the
gamest
fighter yet.

MEHEGAN v. HOLBERG.

The fight between Waldemar Holberg and Hughie Mehegan on July 12, 1913, although not a really famous event, will be long remembered by those who saw it on account of the tremendous courage shown by the beaten man, who fought himself absolutely to a standstill. Holberg was a Dane, and the first request he made on landing in Australia was to be matched with Mehegan. Naturally, Reginald Baker was dubious. He had already matched the Australian with Matt Wells, who was on his way to Australia under a big guarantee, and it would prejudice that scrap as a drawing proposition should the Dane overthrow Mehegan a fortnight before the great battle. But the Viking got his way, and he climbed through the ropes and fixed his eye on the man he was so anxious to meet. The crowd was astonished to learn that the apparently little Dane weighed 9st. 12½lb. —half a pound more than the Australian, who seemed to tower over him. But it was obvious that the visitor was heavily handicapped by the shortness of his reach. This brevity proved disastrous. Many and many a time when he strove to counter it was lack of range that prevented him reaching the mark. He started with a terrific burst. His speed was dazzling, his ducking bewildering, and his blows terrific. Mehegan looked at him, with a casual expression, and decided that he was dangerous. He was partly bull-ant and partly dynamite. Mehegan always starts slowly, and for at least half the first round gives the idea of bordering upon the helpless. Waldemar was evidently accustomed to get off the mark at top speed. The shortness of his reach has made a clincher of him. His short-range blow made it necessary to get in close through the other man's guard, deliver the wallop or goods or proposition, and then hang on. It was the right game for his build, and he worried Mehegan with it at various times. But it soon became apparent that he was outclassed. He was of the wrong build to fight an opponent like the Australian. Mehegan did not adopt his crouch, neither did he use his old-time smother. But he drove terrific blows to Holberg's body, and the splendid condition of the visitor was evidenced by the way he stood them. A feature of the fight was the absence of wasted effort. It was clean, hard, deliberate hitting in which every blow was carefully aimed. Both boxers were using their brains as well as their hands. After the fifth round it became apparent that Holberg's star was sinking. He fought magnificently. He did all that a man

might do, but he was slowly getting the worst of it. In the ninth a left that was like a cannon-ball dazed Holberg, and before he could recover a right cross caught him on the cheekbone and knocked him halfway through the ropes. There he clung, all but out, and was counted to nine when he came back and tried to clinch. The gong salvaged him. He returned a badly rattled man, and everyone expected to see it end there and then. But he made a marvellous recovery, and hit back steadily, while taking enough annoyance to have felled a bullock. The crowd went mad over his pluck and endurance, and right there he became a popular favorite. In the twelfth round Mehegan, with a left hook, closed Holberg's right eye. The Dane continued to clinch, and by clever ducking managed to evade some withering smites. But

WALDEMAR HOLBERG.

Matt Wells

Ex-Champion of
England.

A fair and generous
fighter, and most ac-
complished boxer.

in the thirteenth Mehegan suddenly smothered and, boring in, cut loose in a terrific style. In vain Holberg tried to clinch. He was bashed off. He bent almost to the floor, and Mehegan bent after and assaulted and battered him. Again the gong saved Canute's countryman. Thence onwards he was merely trying to last the full time. His power of offence had gone, but he would see it out somehow. So he clinched and clinched, and whenever he could he landed a blow that sometimes made the crowd think he was going to recover and come again. In the seventeenth Nature went on strike. The plucky fellow had fought himself out, and he suddenly collapsed to his knees, fell forward on his chin, unable to move, and was counted out. No sooner had the fatal 10 sounded than Mehegan lifted him up and placed him on his chair. It was a splendid defeat. The Dane had fought himself to a standstill.

THE GREAT WELLS-MEHEGAN BATTLE.

The first meeting of Hughie Mehegan and Matt Wells in Australia was allocated to Sydney, and duly transpired on the night of August 9, '13. The Stadium was filled to overflowing, but the battle did not supply the enthralling struggle that was expected. The long-looked-for contest was a disappointment, and distinctly devoid of excitement. It was really a duel between a Hebrew racehorse and an Australian land-crab of equal size. If the crab could only get the horse where he wanted the steed, the rest would be silence, save for the voice of the referee counting 10. But the crab was too slow, and when the horse wasn't galloping wildly backwards or sideways for safety it was hugging the crab with its forelegs and hanging on like the Devil. From the very start it was obvious that Mehegan was the stronger man and the harder hitter, and the question was not who could win the fight, but how Mehegan could catch the other fellow and get a chance to fight. He was the aggressive party to the disturbance all the time, and so much the superior fighting animal (not boxer) that in a bang to a finish he must surely triumph. No one realised it better than Wells, and he adapted his tactics accordingly. The beginning of his confession of faith read after the first round was: "The chief end of man (that's me) is to keep his vulnerable end out of reach of Mehegan's salary hook." Only three times did he appear as the offensive partner—once when he was rushing for a clinch and smote Mehegan

on the ear as he came in, crashed into the Australian and bore him to the floor—but with innate courtesy dragged him to his feet again immediately; once, in the 7th round, when, after landing on Mehegan's jaw with a most remarkable right overhand wallop, he sought to follow up the blow; and finally in the 14th, when he astonished Mehegan and the house by charging the Australian into a corner and raining a shower of lefts and rights with bewildering speed. Most of the blows landed on Mehegan's forearms and gloves. Several dropped on his face, but they made no impression and left no mark. At last the slow, deliberate Mehegan put one fist into action and punched Wells off. But for the rest of the fight Mehegan wandered round the ring, vainly trying to get within range, and shooting blows that missed by about a yard owing to the way the elusive Londoner tip-toed gracefully away into safety.

When Lord Curzon was telling King Ned about the tiger hunt, the King remarked: "Cut out the sunlight glinting through the trees—did you blow his blessed head off?" "Who won the fight?" has been the question universally inquired. Honestly, this writer doesn't know. His impression is they both lost it—one because he was too slow and the other because he was too quick. The speed that Wells showed in his backward galloping was described by Baker as marvellous ring-generalship. It may have been, but it wasn't fighting; and most people went there to see a fight and not a race. Wells' mad passion for a safe distance reduced the scrap to a scrambling business, in which the only hitting took place in and immediately before the clinches; and that sort of fight is a dreary proposition. At in-fighting Wells had no show, although he showed wonderful skill in blocking the vicious uppercuts that Mehegan jerked in quickly and ferociously. But his performance was absolutely defensive; and, apparently, because Mehegan made all the attack and failed to make a success of his attack, and because Wells, by rear-galloping and quick clinching, made a success of avoiding a knock-out, and therefore made good his defence, Wells won. Which means that the only hope Mehegan had of beating Wells was to knock him out, while Wells wasn't required to knock Mehegan out. As boxers, there is no comparison between them. Wells is the finished article. Mehegan isn't a boxer at all—he's a fighter, and, apparently, a fighter can only beat a boxer by outing him. This writer does not dispute Baker's decision.

Herb. McCoy

The great Australian Lightweight,
full of grit and
sand. One of the
world's best.

He was referee, and the referee must adopt some ideal of how the fight should be fought before it begins. And, anyhow, the referee is fate. Had the writer been referee he would have given Mehegan the verdict. Mehegan was never in danger, and Wells was never out of it. Wells received the more punishment, and simply dared not stand up to his opponent, who begged of him to come up and have a real struggle. The most exasperating thing in the scrimmage was the amazing slowness of Mehegan. If he could have put on a spurt and kept up with Wells, history had told another tale.

It was the easiest fight in the world to control. Both boys were as cool as cucumbers, and after the referee spoke obeyed at once. There was no suggestion of hitting on either side once the voice of Baker breathed over the arena. Wells has a mat of shaggy black hair over his arms, breast, back, shoulders and legs. He would be a perfect boon to a kilted regiment. His nose bled throughout the disturbance, but his face was not the least bit cut about. He will never be an attractive spectacle fighting with Mehegan, but with Holberg, the Dane, or our own Herbert McCoy, he should be exceedingly good to watch. Never was a man lighter on his feet or quicker in his movements. Mehegan's slowness was a national misfortune. Baker's decision received the endorsement of the bulk of the press, but was hotly disputed by a large number of regular ringsiders. It was one of those affairs in which splendid argument could be advanced for giving either side the victory—all a matter of taste, in fact. But one thing was certain, judging from the remarks heard afterwards in trams, trains and boats—and that was, that if Baker was wise he would referee no more fights in his own Stadium.

It was said that Wells was so delighted with his victory that at the first opportunity he threw his arms around the neck of the unemotional Mehegan and kissed him. Ye gods! A photo of Hughie's face immediately after the osculation should have been worth £10. Wells was reported to have said to a newspaper man, "It was my speed that beat him!" Certainly his speed got him out of an awful lot of trouble, but it had as much to do with winning the battle as the speed of the flying Jewish stockbrokers of Johannesburg had to do with winning the late S'frican war.

THE BILL LANG "NUTTY" CURRAN JOKE.

This famous farce broke up the Stadium habitues to the number of about 12,000 on the evening of August 16, 1913. Judging by the way these two had-beens raked in the people, the Australian public is found "not guilty" of the charge of forgetting its sometime pets. Lang is a lucky man. The fight presented two remarkable spectacles: The first was the great demonstration of friendliness towards referee Arthur Scott when he entered the ring. It rose and fell and rose again like the white forelock of the ocean on a rocky coast. Saturday fortnight the occupants of the same seats were howling for Scott's innards. Evidently trust in democracies is as futile as faith in princes. The other and more remarkable feature of the upheaval was the frequent somnolence of officer Curran. He often seemed almost too indolent to remain alive without outside assistance. He was apparently suffering from a sub-acute form of sleeping sickness, or he was the most indolent and bedridden circumstance that ever got into a

"NUTTY" CURRAN.

boxing ring. Yet he had a bright movement, just as a dog has his day. He was wide awake when the gong went for the first round, and he charged Lang with a bound. All in a moment the Australian was bashed, walloped and biffed right across the ring to the north-east corner, where he found himself sitting amid the ropes as the result of a shower of blows about the body, blows of which each one seemed to be laden with all the tenderness of the kick of an infuriated mule. It seemed as if general post offices were falling on Lang. When Curran got going again, he immediately flew off the handle some more, and would undoubtedly have done something hideous had not a smash on the jaw from the right of the terrified antagonist, assisted by the officer's own elephantine rush, had a soothing effect on his ferocity. He fell asleep on the spot, but continued to stroll about the ring, carrying Lang round his neck most of the time. He slept soundly for two whole rounds, and carried Lang several miles while walking in his dreams. It is not true that he snored in his corner, but the valet who handled the bottles from which he was refreshed had to insert the nozzle of the utensil in Curran's mouth and tilt the southern end of it slowly upwards while the officer wet his whistle. Sometimes he drank stuff that might have been either milkless tea or flat beer out of a colorless bottle, and sometimes he imbibed some suspicious liquid that looked horribly like plain water out of a smaller bottle. His corner drinkery was a depressing spectacle.

Curran's somnolence became chronic. He was all the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus rolled into one—those Sleepers whose names were Johannes Smithianus, Gift, Trump, High, Low, Jack and the Game. He recalled the story of "When the Sleeper Wakes," only he didn't till it was too late. Sometimes he suggested the dead man who was hypnotised and kept talking in his corpse according to one of Poe's horrors. He loafed and dreamed throughout every round till Lang placed a shower of blows fit to have embittered an elephant all over his dial. Then Curran would think he heard something like a door closing in the distance, and would slowly wake up, smile at Lang, smile at the audience, and remember he had a fight on hand. So he would start to look for Lang, who was usually making a great pace; but if he wasn't going fast enough the officer would obligingly carry him round the ring a few times. Lang had the longer reach, and the officer was thoroughly imbued with the idea that to score he must make his opponent lead, and then get inside the blow, and either cross or rip to the body. So he would walk round the ring with Lang's extended fist against his nose as the publican retreated,

remarking, "Come on, come on, Bill!" Sometime publican Bill would bang and clinch, and sometime he would rush into an embrace without bothering about the formality of hitting first. It was wildly humorous for a time, but at last it grew monotonous. Whole rounds passed without the officer getting a single blow home or making any attempt at one, for he took long to uncoil himself, and Lang managed frequently to embrace him before he could let go. But when Curran did hit he hurt; and Lang was a very scared gladiator. The crowd grew weary, and counted them both out in chorus. Not till the 17th round did Curran really begin to travel, and then he became very business-like. He went for a knock-out. Lang was hard pressed, but by dint of valiant hanging on and wasting time he saw the term through. If Curran had been his best girl, he could not have embraced her more frequently or arduously. He clung on like the sins of youth, and early piety wasn't a circumstance compared to him. Still, it was the right game to play, and it won him the fight, for when the final gong sounded Arthur Scott at once placed his hand and benediction on Lang's head. The officer was beaten on points. Come to think of it, when the retired naval officer gets up against the publican he generally loses on points, and so it was on this occasion.

THE EVERNDEN-PICATO SLOGGING MATCH.

Though the press agent boomed it not, neither did the ringsider simmer with suppressed excitement over it for a week beforehand, the fight put up by Arthur Evernden, the Englishman, and Frand Picato, the American Roman, on August 23, 1913, was about the best ever seen in Sydney Stadium. It was fast, clever and exciting. Some of the men who have put up higher-priced scraps in the past might have learned lessons in the art of making war and popularity from these two unheralded battlers. So cheerfully warlike and debonair were they both that one could not help regretting there could not be two winners. The personal contrast was very vivid. Picato is a handsome boy with brown skin, dark eyes and hair, and a melancholy expression. Evernden looked white as milk beside him; he is more ruggedly built; his top covering is indefinite; and his outstanding feature is a long upper lip—always a sign of danger to the man opposite. In most of the fights he has put up at the Stadium, Picato has been the attacking force, and, when repulsed or evaded, would sigh, glance sadly at his opponent, and come back doggedly to the attack. But on Saturday night he met as eager and aggressive a fighter as himself, who rushed into the fray with all the ardor of a youth of 20 making love.

HOW TO GROW HAIR

A SIMPLE, SAFE AND RELIABLE WAY THAT PRODUCES
SURPRISING RESULTS.

New Preparation Causes Big Stir Among
Hair Specialists.

THE ABOVE CLEARLY SHOWS RESULTS FROM A SHORT COURSE OF MY TRUE
HAIR-GROWING COMPOUND.

10,000 FREE TRIAL BOXES.

Those who are troubled with falling hair, dandruff, baldness, itching scalp, etc., know full well the humiliation that they cause. There is no need, however, of such conditions. These Troubles can be quickly overcome by my True Hair-Grower.

I am not an advertising quack, but am a business man. My hair began to grow thin about the time I reached the age of thirty. When I had reached the age of thirty-five the top of my head was quite bald. I had considerable pride, and sought for something to cause renewed growth. I invested in every preparation that I could see or hear of, and here let me say that not only did I try all the English so-called restorers, but those of Continental Europe. I also visited specialists. My experimenting cost me many sovereigns and considerable time—yet the hairs came not. I had given up the idea of ever growing hair again. One afternoon, while enjoying a brief business respite by an Alpine trip I fell in with an old collegiate chemist, whose hair was particularly plentiful. I jokingly remarked that I wished he could spare some of his hair for my benefit. This led him to tell me that he understood the human hair as well as a good dentist understands teeth. He wrote out a formula, and sug-

gested that I have a quantity of the compound prepared. I did this a few days later. I was astonished to see the hair coming forth after several applications, and within six weeks my head was covered by a firm, yet soft, black growth of hair. Since then the hair on my head has been as luxuriant as when in my school days. Having arranged for the legal right to do so, I have for some time been privately selling this marvellous hair-growing compound. I hold over one thousand letters from people who have actually grown new hair through the medium of my true hair-grower. I do not pretend to say it is the only hair-grower in the world—I am not interested in deceiving others—but I do assert that it is the most reliable, and in the end by far the cheapest.

BALDNESS, DANDRUFF, ITCHING.

Send me your full name and address, with three stamps to cover postage, etc., and I will immediately post a large trial box of my True Hair-Grower. Address: John Craven Burleigh (Dept. 146), 192 Castlereagh-street, Sydney; or Dept. 146x, Phoenix Chas., Auckland, N.Z.

The newcomer is a mighty hitter, and in the very first round he got home a left and a right which sent Picato to the boards for seven seconds. Almost immediately he got up he was sent down again by a terrific right swing. But he bounded to his feet and attacked the Englishman so freely that Evernden gave way and smothered as he retreated, while the house roared in excitement. When the gong sounded both men had to think for a second to get their chair bearings. The mighty wallops of Evernden during the next two rounds convinced Picato that he would have to fight a defensive battle. He did, and repelled attacks in quick succession, and, then following up, he resumed the offensive. The way both boys followed up the slightest advantage was beautiful to see. Picato got a left hook home right between Evernden's eyes, and sent him to the floor with a crash. It was a badly astonished floor. But the dropped gladiator bounded up, and assumed the offensive, and prevented Picato reaping any benefit from his success. It was obvious that the Englishman was faster on his feet than the Roman, and a much

harder hitter. His blows were terrific, and Italy staggered under the impact. But in the fifth it was Evernden who staggered, and, like a whirlwind, Picato swept down on him, and bashed and harried him across the ring. There the Englishman blocked a series of knocks-out by adopting a sort of Mehegan crouch and smother, till the gong gave him respite. The sixth saw Evernden, wonderfully recovered, rip through Picato's defence again and again. But Italy was game, and fought back desperately, and succeeded in baulking a dozen wallops, till, in his turn, the bell brought respite. Again the restful minute worked a miracle, and Picato came out of his corner and resumed the offensive. But the speed had been too great, and the battery that Evernden swung so lissomely was beginning to tell. The knees of the Roman started to go, and he could no longer avoid the savage and sustained attacks of the Briton, who was avenging Caractacus, Boadicea and a few others. But he was a generous avenger. He saw a brave opponent was done beyond recovery, and he stood off for a moment before the bell went, and, as it did so, the towel soared through the light from Picato's corner. Evernden then for the first time in the fight put his arms round Picato and kissed him on the neck. The amazing feature of the fight, apart from the speed and heavy hitting, was the absence of clinching. Their arms got entangled a few times, but not once did they hang on even for a second. It was a wonderful fight, and the delighted audience, when it had finished cheering the victor, gave Picato an absolute ovation. And he had earned it. He was always a graceful winner, but he was more admired and popular in his hour of defeat than in any of his triumphs. It was a fight that will be long remembered. Macaulay might have written a lay about it if he hadn't happened to be dead.

* * *

THE BLIZZARD OF JEREMIAH.

Patrick Bradley, the Unbeaten, was 27 years of age, and on the night of September 13, 1913, consisted of exactly 11st. 11lb. of thoroughly trained, hardened meat, muscle and bone. He consisted only of material useful in fighting. He was at the Sydney Stadium by appointment with Dave Smith, to fight the battle of his life. His chance was to have arrived that night, and he was there to make the best of it and rise magnificently to the occasion. But Smith was down with tonsillitis, or something of the sort, and in his place came the 44-year-old Jeremiah Jerome, of Queensland. The Prophet had been leading the lazy life for a week after his battle with Mansfield, and had stepped into the breach at practically no notice,

ARTHUR EVERNDEN.

untrained and unprepared, a man whom Smith had already beaten. He weighed 11st. 11lb., of which at least 10lb. was a burden and not an asset. Small wonder men who were asked to bet against Bradley demanded four to one on. In his fight with Mansfield, Jerome had won easily enough, but he had given the Hebrew warrior many opportunities to right-cross him, and nobody dreamed that, in his unprepared state, he could last more than a round or two with the perfectly-trained, hard-hitting, clever Pat Bradley. But Jerome is like what Caesar didn't say about his wife—all things to all men. The scrap he fought with Bradley was as different from that with Mansfield as a grindstone is from a cheese. Bradley got the verdict, it is true; but he acquired it by the unusual method of taking such a wallop that the Prophet broke his fist on the side wall (or perhaps it was the roof) of his enemy. Had Jerome been in condition Patrick Bradley had certainly been knocked out. Even as it was, this writer firmly believes that, had Jerome's hand not been injured, Pat would have gone the way of the floor. He certainly could not have stood another battering like that Jerome served out to him in the sixth round, when he was beaten to his knees and glad to take nine seconds. Of course, it is quite possible that Jerome was too exhausted to let fly such another blizzard at such a speed. But the writer saw him after the fight, and is strongly of the opinion he could have blizzarded again.

Bradley rushed into the fight with vim. Jerome commenced, as usual, with elusive tactics, and in 10 seconds, had roused Patrick to unholy anger. He objected to being fooled with, and made an unholy show of, and he went after Jeremiah with evil intent. But it took two minutes of fearsome rushing to catch the Book of Lamentations, and when he succeeded Bradley probably wished he hadn't, for he also caught two terrific wallops about the head that must have made him see fireworks. After that for several rounds it was a fierce scramble of infighting. Jerome more than held his own till the end of the third round. Then Bradley began to hold and punch, and before he could be stopped he did some damage by this unfair method. Jerome gave all that and a bit more back in the fifth. But Bradley was made of iron. He came again, and again, and battled grimly for a chance to let loose his grisly punch. He had no hope. When he did get a chance to let it go, Jerome wasn't there; and when he was there his presence was to such purpose that Bradley would possibly as soon have had his absence. In the sixth the now desperate Bradley came in like lightning and roughed Jerome into a sitting posture between the ropes. Jerry

sprang up and let go an awful bombardment that brought the house roaring to its feet. Bradley was smashed and driven right across the ring. In vain he tried to hang on—he was beaten off. He had no time to hit, as he was literally smothered under a shower of blows. Some whizzed up and caught him on the face; some crashed from east and west and caught him on his ears and the head generally; some came whirling downward and caught him across the back of the neck; and some crashed in straight from the shoulder, and sent him staggering. He was hard as iron, but steel would have given way under that battering, and Bradley was beaten to his knees, where he was glad to take nine seconds. Jerome had temporarily exhausted himself, and, although he rattled Bradley again, the other managed to get into a clinch, and reach the respite of the bell. The seventh saw Jerome go slower. He was gathering force for a fresh outbreak; and when it came Bradley could hardly hope to weather it. He was in a dire plight. But he still strove to attack his elusive enemy, and for a while seemed to be getting the better of it. In the eighth Jerry drove in a heavy right, stepped back, and sent the left in quick as lightning. As Bradley came forward again to the attack Jerome stepped back and held out his hand, and the towel was thrown in.

It was a wonderful battle on both sides, but under the conditions the glory of it easily rested with Brown Brother.

THE STONE RAPIER AND THE SUMMERS CLUB.

The Stone-Summers fight at Sydney Stadium on September 8, 1913, was an interesting conflict, in which brute force, hitting power and fanaticism were ranged against dazzling speed, quick wit, cunning and very limited hitting power. So, although Summers had already been defeated at Brisbane by Stone, the wise ones offered three to one against the latter. Stone was first in the ring, and for nearly 10 minutes he sat there awaiting Summers. His attitude was one of utter dejection; he looked an excellent model for a study of Judas Iscariot after he had returned the money. A burst of cheering caused him to look up and see Summers, still in jersey and trousers, climbing through the ropes. Stone was chewing gum. A smile flickered across his sallow face; then he huddled up once more while his opponent languidly undressed. If he thought to induce nervousness by the delay, Summers had brought his pigs to the wrong market. Stone came out chewing gum. He was long, lithe, Hebrew (and from New York!) He wore loose trunks of green sateen, which gave a ghastly tone to his trans-

HARRY STONE

"The Jumping Jehosophat."

The fastest boxer seen in the Stadium. His method of fighting is weird, wonderful, and fascinating.

parent, sallow skin. A rather handsome Jewish face, black curly hair and a Sphinx-like expression completed the picture. The fair-haired Summers was of the beautiful pink that indicates the perfectly-trained Anglo-Saxon. His splendidly modelled limbs were shown to best advantage in his tight-fitting trunks, and his blue eyes glittered. He weighed 10st. 2lb. to Stone's 9st. 11lb.—so he had the weight, he had the punch, and he firmly believed he had the Most High behind him.

Remembering how Stone had out-generalled him at Brisbane, Summers came prepared to take anything so long as he could get in a body blow that would wing his fleet opponent. He wanted to get his terrific punch home in Stone's wind, and then rough him out. He was there to win—with the help of God, if possible; if not, by any old means. The man who realised it best of the 15,000 present was Stone. He was caution itself. He was the swinging door in excelsis. He was fast as he was light; poised on his toes, he hovered with all the aery grace of Wells. Summers could not hit him with effect. Even when he worked Stone into a corner or on to the ropes, the Hebrew came in and smote him on the nose with the left, and before he could recover his aim the Jew had clinched, so that his terrific swings were light as baby taps for lack of distance. Usually, when Summers gets into holds, he swings his head in such a way that if the Lord permits a collision, it is the other's face that gets the mark. On Saturday night Summers resorted to his esoteric pugilistic craft at once. But the other fellow knew too much, and it was Johnny's face that got cut. When Summers tried to palm his opponent's chin back in the clinch, or get his elbow under the jaw, Stone would wriggle out and leave the trick exposed. And then he would return the trick with interest. The sight of a Jew paying interest moved the crowd to cheers.

As the fight went on, Stone became more elusive, yet more aggressive. He bounded into the air, and crashed on the nose of Summers with the left. Once he came down from the sky and right-crossed Summers so that he literally rocked. He was the jumping Jehoshaphat—a sneering, smiling Mephistopheles chewing gum. For every trick that Summers had he had a foil, and used it spectacularly. In one awful round he smote Summers seven times on the nose. He bashed the gash on Summers's right eye with merciless precision. In-fighting found him just as clever as the long-range hitting, and he landed uppercuts by the half-dozen. Could he but hit he were a world-beater indeed. Whole rounds passed without Summers landing a single blow; and at last he stood, with blood-stained face, gazing

helplessly at the bounding, sneering, gum-chewing devil who was always out of reach. But his reverie was cut short by another lightning-like charge and a smack on the nose. In the 16th he did manage to slop in one or two heavy ones to the body and one to the jaw that shook the leaping phantom rather badly. Then Stone slowed down and husbanded his strength for the whirlwind finish. And a hurricane finish it was, in which Summers strove desperately for a knock-out, the only thing that could retrieve the fight. But he had no hope. When referee Scott placed his hand on Stone's head that youth

JOHNNIE SUMMERS.

A TONIC.

A FOOD.

A BEVERAGE.

PERFECT AGREEMENT !!

HOLSTEN - LAGER

THE WORLD'S BEST.

LIGHT, WHOLESOME AND PURE.

bounded three times into the air, leaped wildly from the ring, kissed 14 fat, hysterical Jews, and left Summers's head and his own chewing gum over their faces.

* * *

HOW OWEN MORAN FAILED TO LAND THE BACON.

On the evening of September 27, 1913, the voice that breathes the announcements o'er the Stadium said: "Gentlemen, Owen Moran, 9st. 14lb.; Matt Wells, 9st. 8½lb." But Wells appeared an easy stone heavier than Moran. Wider of shoulder, taller, longer of reach and much more bulky to look at, he seemed quite out of Moran's class. Then the gong clanged, and the Duke of Wellington said as Private Murphy was in the ranks, the Battle of Waterloo might commence. There was no preliminary fencing. They were together, and Wells, trying to break away, received a right smash in the chest which sent him tottering against the ropes. As he came up on the rebound he got some more, but getting his feet to work he skirled away to the west and south. Moran followed up, and with another body smash sent Wells to the boards. An expression came over the Jew's countenance which suggested that the Hebrew monarchy was decaying, but he scrambled up and mixed it desperately, always trying to break away and take refuge in the gliding flight of which he is such a master. As he struggled, Moran stepped back to let fly another wild broadside, and Wells, swinging a fitful fist at random, caught him right on the extremity of the nose, and knocked him into a sitting posture between the ropes. That wallop had a far-reaching effect—and, in fact, it won Wells the fight. It was owing to that smack that Moran hesitated to hurl himself into close quarters; which, in spite of Wells's speed, he could always do when he liked. Moran felt there was a possibility of a knock-out—a thing that hadn't occurred to him before. He had never fought Wells in public, but they had been sparring partners in the U.S.A., and for the first time in his life Moran had received due and legal notice that Wells could knock him out if the opening was given. So when the second round started the wild charge that the crowd expected did not come off. Moran took no risks. He seemed to be carrying a heavy insurance on his life. Wells was distinctly timid, and kept right off, merely shooting quick stabs with the left as Moran approached him. Moran would walk round and round, and then drop his hands to show the crowd that if he didn't fight, Wells wouldn't. It was the mistake of his life—for Wells arrived suddenly and smote him every time he did it. The affair degenerated into a weary sparring for openings, which neither would give, relieved only by the occasional rush

of Wells's left to Moran's face. Both used their heads, and in one of the bumps Moran's eye was cut. Thereafter Wells aimed for the injured spot every time. The thing became so utterly dreary that whole rounds passed with only three or four blows being struck. One of the audience took out a newspaper and read it steadily, taking no notice of the dancing and clinching. Not till the ninth episode was there anything like fighting, and then Wells got Moran on the run, and followed up. But nothing came of it. What blows were struck were delivered by Wells. At the back a man who had fallen asleep tumbled off his chair with a curse. In the 16th, Wells trod on Moran's corn and made him dance more. In the 17th, amidst tremendous excitement, Moran hit Wells for about the first time in a dozen rounds, and ended the session with a wild rally, to the damage of the atmosphere. The air was torn in six places, and hasn't been repaired yet. In the beginning of the 18th it looked as though they were going to fight; and Moran, getting a move on, roughed into Wells and smote him something considerable on the jaw. In the 19th Wells charged, but got roughed off without doing any particular damage. In the 20th Moran made a series of wild efforts to score a knock-out, and succeeded in getting home on Wells's jaw with a right. Wells clinched and hung on like an attorney applying for costs. Then the gong went, and Referee Scott handed Wells the laurels amidst a storm of hooting.

Wells was then an unpopular fighter, and that section of the crowd which demonstrates loudly but unwisely considered he ought to have had the decision given against him. In this opinion they were backed by others who do know something about the game. Writer's opinion was that the decision given was the only one possible. Wells won 17 out of 20 rounds. The difference in the men's appearance was wonderful. Moran had the body beautiful, a living statue of ivory, with a fair countenance to crown it. Wells, shaggy, draped in baggy trunks, always hovering, looked like some great bird of prey waiting a chance to strike—a rather scared eagle, truly, but sinister. As fighters they are not an attractive pair. They are too clever, and take few chances; they make time dreary with incessant sparrings for openings which are never given. Owing to the increased prices the fight failed to draw the bumper house expected.

PAL BROWN—SURPRISE PACKET

Before Hughie Mehegan and "Pal" Brown stepped into the ring on the night of Saturday, October 4, 1913, money-hungry individuals were offering to lay 10 to 1 that Mehegan would knock the unfortunate young visitor's head over the

adjacent gasometer. They thought the frightful odds might induce the unwary to bet, but there were not many takers. The men who had seen Brown at his training quarters knew it would be no 10 to 1 fight, and in a little while the price dropped to sixes. Then came the gladiators, and the perfect condition of Brown was made very apparent. But still there were few who gave him any chance of winning. It did not seem possible that the extremely boyish-looking, fair-haired youth could possibly knock out our Hughie; while everybody felt certain that if the Australian landed one on the right spot the rest would be silence. The fighters had been weighed at 2 p.m., and there was only 3 lb. difference, Mehegan having that much over Brown's 9st. 10lb. The difference in build makes weight-judging very precarious. Mehegan opened on the body, and found that Brown had the usual American capacity for taking punishment. But the first round was easily Mehegan's. So was the second till, right on time, Mehegan, leaving himself uncovered, was astounded to receive a knock-down blow that sent him to his haunches. He looked up at Brown in amazement, and the flabbergasted crowd was too dazed for a moment to roar. As Mehegan bounded up the bell rang. Feeling he had scored an advantage, Brown forced the third and piled both fists so hard that Mehegan was smothered temporarily under the shower of blows; but he walloped back and with stinging body blows drove Brown off. It was Brown's round, all the same. In the fourth Brown had a series of narrow escapes. His dodging and ducking were splendid; but it took him all he knew to avoid Mehegan's death-dealing swings. Still he did avoid them, and by sheer skill. It was in the fifth that Brown showed that he could take as well as administer punishment. By the seventh he began to look worried, and was sticking to long-range fighting, while Mehegan was crowding in to get to close quarters. In the eighth, Brown seemed to be wilting very fast. But in the ninth he used a straight left very effectively, and managed for the most part to keep Mehegan from getting home with his fearsome swings. Mehegan continued to bore in, and in his anxiety to get in and finish it disregarded Brown's blows. He was bashing the visitor very badly, when a wild backhander caught him under the nose and sent him down with a crash. As he sprang up Brown rushed him, bashed him liberally with both hands, and shook the Australian champion very badly. The house held its breath and wondered was it possible the stripling could knock Mehegan out. But he couldn't—anyhow, he didn't. When hostilities resumed, Brown found that Mehegan was as aggressive as ever. Still, he had acquired a wholesome respect for his youth-

ful opponent, and as it was a mutual sort of feeling, both gentlemen became more deliberate and cautious. But both handed out heavy punishment, of which the American got the most and went to his corner badly shaken. In the 19th he showed the rest had done him good, and he became as elusive as ever. Mehegan went in hot pursuit, and though he punished Brown badly when he did catch him, he got considerably knocked about in the operation. In the last round Brown steadied Mehegan with a heavy left swing on the jaw; but Mehegan came again and delivered at the address some terrific body blows. He was hard at it when the gong went, and Scott placed his hand on the youthful head of Brown amidst tumultuous cheers. The young man acknowledged the benediction with a cheerful handspring. It was a curiously sensational fight, and, according to some of the best authorities, a draw would have been as good a decision as any. The trouble with Mehegan is that he doesn't box, but fights. And the fighter up against the boxer has to either knock his man out or force his seconds to throw in the towel. He failed to do either in Brown's case, and lost the decision accordingly.

PAL BROWN.

THE STEAM-ROLLER VERSUS AGILITY.

The meeting of Arthur Evernden and Johnny Summers drew a tremendous crowd on October 11, 1913. It was said there were 20,000 men present. Twenty thousand bulls of Bashan could not have made more noise. Summers was at the time welterweight champion of England, and in the land of his birth had already scored a victory over the youth with the mighty wallop. But it was argued that at 33 Summers was getting no younger, and Evernden, at about 26, had not got old so fast. On the other hand, there was a firm conviction that if the battle lasted 20 rounds it would go to Summers on points; for not one in a score would have it that Summers could knock the long-lipped warrior out. On the other hand, no one doubted the ability of Evernden, provided he could deliver the wallop of the right address, to put Summers among the poppies. Summers weighed 10st. 3½lb. to Evernden's 10st. 6½lb. About a week before he weighed in (or out), Evernden went 11st. 8lb., and it is quite possible that the shedding of so much tissue in so brief a time may have affected his stamina.

At the sound of the gong Evernden attacked with the cold, temperate fury of a steam-roller. He bored right in, and Summers met him with quick stabbing lefts that baulked his attack and disconcerted him badly. That stabbing left spoiled Evernden's timing and caused his sleep-laden swings to go wild; and when they did go straight to the mark, Summers shifted that object with some of the smartest ducking ever seen in the Stadium. It saved him again and again, and Evernden had the mortification of seeing absolutely decisive blows miss by—just enough. Summers was magnificent, and the way he stood in and mixed it with his gritty opponent, anticipating his blows with counters that got home first, and swinging three and four rights and lefts to the head and neck before Evernden could let go, made the conqueror of Picato and Burns look as slow as a beetle. In the fifth round their heads crashed together, and Evernden reeled back with the blood trickling in a fast-running stream from a bad cut over the right eye. Even that terrific smash did not seem to affect him just then, and he bounded at Summers like a tiger and shook him badly. But Summers came through: In the sixth, Summers cut loose, in an amazing manner, with right and left swings, hurling in the full force of his body. Evernden placed his hands over his jaws and took the blizzard stoically. Towards the end Summers charged him, but was met with a heavy counter that all but sent the champion down. On the way back to his chair Summers touched his sock-hidden

scapular three times and repeated the operation so often in his corner that his attendants had difficulty in getting him ready. In the seventh, Evernden became very aggressive, and showered a quick succession of blows, any one of which would have dazed an elephant; and Summers dodged them all or smothered the attack with a quick clinch. Summers's mouth was bleeding, and his left eye was cut, but that ghastly gash in Evernden's cheek simply welled blood, and Summers bashed it unmercifully. It was after the 10th that Johnny began to take dopes from a colorless medicine bottle, which was said to contain holy water. He had followed up every repulse in splendid style and landed about four blows to every one he had received, and still Evernden seemed unshaken. Summers still had to duck blows which would have knocked his head clean over the gasometer, and, strong as he was, the champion was beginning to feel the strain. Compared with the other's celerity in side-stepping and back-stepping and ducking and getting in his blows, Evernden was deadly slow. He wasted valuable seconds waiting for an opening which was never given, and every time Summers would anticipate the attack. Had Evernden been as quick as Summers he would have knocked the latter out half a dozen times while the young man brushed his hair with his glove. But he wasn't; and as the fight went raging on, Evernden's strength began to ebb. His blows at close-quarters lost their sting, and it became evident that he was done. Summers might have gone for a knock-out, but he didn't; whether it was from caution or chivalry no man knoweth. In the 18th he closed in and swung a heavy bash to Evernden's diaphragm which caused him to emit a loud yell. After that, Evernden was done. Though he raged somewhat in the last two rounds he had ceased to be dangerous; and at the end of the term the hand of the referee descended gracefully on the sanctified head of Summers amidst thunders of applause.

JEREMIAH JEROME HAS A NIGHT OUT.

Jim Sullivan, ex-middleweight champion of England, on the evening of October 18 hurriedly buried his greatness in the same Australian graveyard where the splendors of Tahmmy Burns and Bill Squires repose. Sydney Stadium was a fatal field for him. When he met Midwood, of Tasmania, shortly after his arrival in this country he showed excellent form and great skill, and vast things were expected of him. His trouble is nervousness, and it was generally understood that he would not be seen at his best till after

the third round. Then he was liable to blaze forth like the ship *Volturmo*. So when he entered the lists with Pat Bradley there was a large section which was quite confident that it would see the hard-hitter outboxed and outgeneralled. But Bradley was a more skilful scrapper than most people give him credit for, and inside 90 seconds Sullivan was woodened, and dazedly trying to climb to his feet by the aid of the ropes. Then a fight was arranged for him in Melbourne, at which it was expected he would redeem his pennon—and on the night of the fight he failed to turn up. However, his explanation of that curious happening was accepted by promoter Raker, and he was pitted against Jeremiah Jerome, a Prophet among his own people. On paper his chance against Jerome was nil. That hefty black was in a fair way to beat Bradley (although out of condition) when his hand broke—the Bradley who had chased Sullivan across the Jordan inside 90 seconds. But nothing is so uncertain as boxing form. Sullivan, when he entered the ring, seemed to be slightly nervous, but his trepidation disappeared when the gong gave the sound for battle. Jerome advanced with his drunken-looking crouch, and swung several terrific but painfully slow swings, which would have broken Sullivan in two had they landed. Apparently Jerry didn't expect them to land—it was merely his idea of a preliminary. Then he gave an excellent burlesque of Sid Stagg, faced Sullivan with his shoulder, and hit round himself, so to speak. Jeremiah is a "deceptive brother, and he seemed as fat as a roly-poly. The 3lb. (and more) by which he exceeded Sullivan's 11st. 10lb. were assuredly all fat and not much use to him. From which it was argued that the author of the Book of Lamentations would let go his hurricane act early in the fray, while his strength was good. He was certainly more aggressive in his first round with Sullivan than ever before in the same ring. But Sullivan easily dodged his wild, wide swings, and, standing in close, balked the attacks and punished the Prophet severely about the head. Sullivan started the second round aggressively. Any nervousness he might have suffered from at the beginning had entirely disappeared, and he went in and mixed in rare style to thunders of applause. The Scriptural writer seemed to bend to the storm, but he was only gathering purchase for the blizzard he was about to turn himself into. A right and left swing flashed through the light and sent Sullivan staggering back towards the ropes. Jerome leaped after him, and met a left stab that checked him for the fragment of a second.

Then a hurricane of blows swept down on Sullivan, who still backed away. A right swing caught him somewhere around the place where he keeps his dinner, and then a black mass waved in the air like a globular raven, and descended. It was Jerome's mighty left, and it arrived on Sullivan's point. Sullivan spun round, his eyes closed, and he assumed a loud, recumbent or horizontal posture. The noise of his fall sounded like Holman failing to float a loan. Referee Scott went through the usual enumeration, and Sullivan's career in Australia ended.

PAT BRADLEY STRIKES TROUBLE.

The long-postponed battle between Dave Smith and Pat Bradley eventually raged on the evening of October 25, one thousand nine hundred and thirteen, and with two such popular favorites in the ring at the same time the Stadium was naturally overcrowded. When the quart had been rammed and jammed into the pint pot the myrmidons on the doors refused to take cash and set themselves to hurl out bodily the men who tried to storm through regardless of the news that there was not even standing room. As a matter of fact, there was standing room, but the astute Baker doesn't allow men to stand in his stadium, because they block the view of the people who sit. It was a great and gorgeous crowd. Writer remarked to Mr. Baker after the mill that it was a fine exhibition of pluck on the part of the beaten man, and Baker said softly, reverently, as though pronouncing a benediction, "Yes, a glorious house!" Pat Bradley, with his contusions and all the rest of it thick upon him, staying himself with a flagon of champagne, replied to the press expressions of sympathy, "Gentlemen, he walloped the Devil out of me, but I'd gladly take twice the wallowing every night, barring Sunday, for half the house." Dave Smith, seen while being rubbed down, pointed to some glasses, and remarked, "I never touch it myself, but go right in. He was as brave as a lion." "Well, you won a splendid victory!" we of the Fourth Estate remarked over his liquid. "Yes, yes; a splendid house!" he replied dreamily.

It was a highly-strung audience that watched them advance for the first exchange. The silence was spacious. Half that vast assembly expected to see Bradley walk right in, take a few bad wallops, swing, and then—see Smith on the floor handing in his resignation. Bradley came in, in that fair and warlike manner so characteristic of him, his right glove over his chin, his left poised lightly, slightly extended, prepared to take all that was

coming, till he got THE opportunity. Smith lingered the fraction of a second on tiptoe, then Bradley swung. It was an eminent wallop, and it crashed down on Smith's neck—but it fell on a swinging door. Smith was flying from the scene, but after the impact he suddenly reversed, and came in with a left drive of no small importance, and landed right on that which Bradley smells with. Bradley reeled, but as he reeled over came the left with a towering smite. Again Smith was not there. It missed by inches. The habitually-absent Smith smiled. Bradley rushed in, and once more as he swung, the lightning-like left flashed out and caught him on the nose while his smite was still in mid-air, destroyed the aim and sent the blow wild. Smith swung a right and left, and then danced away like a cork on a raging sea. He was absent some more. That, absolutely, was the fight summed-up. For 20 rounds Smith evaded the swings or anticipated them. He was in the next county when they arrived. Sometimes he was even touring in Europe. Once, in the first round, Bradley sent out a sort of feeler, and it caught Smith right on the point and sent him staggering. Had it been aimed as a blow, the fight had ended there. But it wasn't. And it served to make Smith understand where his danger lurked, in the quick sudden swing as he left a clinch. After that he was on his guard. In spite of all his precautions,

Bradley landed him several times in the same way—but not on the vital spot. And those were the only blows that Bradley managed to land. Early in the mill Smith met a charge of Bradley with a right swing that looked capable of waking up a slumbering elephant. When Bradley came from his corner later on his left eye was closing, and for the rest of the evening that eye took little notice of the masterpieces of literature and art. The closing of that eye was the beginning of the end. Halfway through the fight Bradley was a man who saw out of one half of his face only, and the fact spoiled his aim. He became futile and insolvent, and banged at the wind. Still at the end of every clinch he swung the blow that had carried him to victory so often. But this time he was up against a faster man than he had ever met before, and the swing struck a hollow void. As Bradley wasn't fighting the hollow void the blow didn't count. Yet even in the very last round the sally of Bradley's garrison missed Smith's chin by only the fraction of an inch. When the gong sounded the end there was only one possible verdict—and referee Scott placed his hand on the personality of Smith. The crowd stood up as Bradley stepped through the ropes and cheered and cheered again. He had fought a good fight, but he had failed to batter his way into the charmed ring of first-graders. "Life's dream was o'er."

“When Greek Met Greek.”

THE BATTLE OF THE CHOSEN.

On November 29, 1913, somewhere about 12,000—mostly gentiles—swarmed in to the Stadium at enhanced prices to watch Mat Wells, the English Hebrew, fight Harry Stone, the New York Jew, at Sydney Stadium on Saturday night. Apparently, there was no great love lost between them. It was a wildly interesting fight, worth going far to see. Never before has the Stadium seen such polished, exquisite glove work as displayed by Matthew Wells. He wasn't the same galloper who fought Mehegan and out-pointed clever Owen Moran. That old Wells fought a rearguard action all the time, and battled as he retreated. This new Wells charged right in with terrific speed but excellent caution—and such glove work! That flashing left of Harry Stone's was over and over again either blocked on the glove or absolutely dashed aside ere it could land on his face. It was wonderful and beautiful. And it was Wells who did the leading, and bored in, trying to get his man into a corner where he could paste him to his heart's content. Stone's skill, on the other hand, was displayed in the control of his feet and in the way he ducked his head and swung his body. It, too, was amazing; time and again he baffled the worrying Wells, and got out of most hopeless-looking hot boxes by sheer agility. Yet in spite of all the other's skill, the Londoner landed again and again, but it was always with his lighter blows. The heavy ones, which might have carried sleep with them, Stone always evaded.

In the eighth, Wells incurred the displeasure of a house that was mostly enthusiastic over Stone, and was warned by the referee for pushing Stone's head back with his palm. In the ninth, Stone started to do the jumping Jehoshaphat act, and puzzled Wells with it for a while; but at last that erudite dispenser of stouch almost winged him while in mid-air. The applause was deafening. Stone's spectacular display won the hearts of the multitude. He was a dancing, elusive, supercilious, sneering Mephistopheles; and all the while he chewed gum. He chewed while he smote. He chewed while

he was smitten. He chewed while he was in the air, on his feet and betwixt and between; and he chewed while he smiled derisively on the shoulders of the struggling, wriggling, battling Wells. The 13th was terrific. Wells went right in and cut loose in an amazing fashion after flicking Stone's left aside, and for 10sec. he gave Stone a torrid time. But that curious freak swayed his body so that its movements synchronised exquisitely with the swinging of Wells's fists. Then, when the Londoner eased up, Stone came at him like a Monaro hailstorm. He fought with a variety of modes that was astonishing. Sometimes he used a straight left fully extended, sometimes he carried his hands close by his side. He seemed to have the knack of doing the thing he was not expected to do; but so speedy was Wells he always seemed to adapt himself perfectly to the changed methods. In the 18th Stone came out with the left fully extended, and forced Wells all over the ring, punishing him as he did so. Suddenly Wells flicked the fist aside, smashed Stone on the forehead, and, following up, caught him a vicious uppercut. Had it landed with full force the fight had ended. But, think of it! Stone sprang upward, and was soaring skyward when the cut overtook him. It was the old swinging door again. And as he came down he bashed Wells on the nose. Then the gong sounded the respite.

In the 19th they rushed at one another. Wells went baresark. So did Stone. Blows fell so fast as they stood head to head that it was impossible to follow them. It was Wells who broke ground, and Stone danced in dazzlingly. The 20th was savage. Stone gave a minute-long burst of meteoric fighting. When that effort had exhausted itself Wells came in, drove his left into Stone's face, and, following up, rushed in with such fury that Stone was nearly hurled over the ropes. As the cords swung them back, Wells broke loose and smote Stone on the ear. But Stone, undeterred, charged into him, and another whirlwind was just beginning when the gong sounded peace, and Scott placed his hand on Stone's head. Wells

stood still, with bent head, gaping in blank astonishment.

The decision was popular, for it was a Stone house; but whether it was a correct one was a matter of much dispute among the cognoscenti. The case for Wells was that he scored most hits, that his glove work was the finest ever seen in the Stadium, that he forced the fighting all the time, and from the first to the 17th round (inclusive) was the attacking party. The case for Stone was that he faced an ex-champion who had the advantages of weight and the harder punch. Wells was a world-famous man, an ex-champion,

not only of glove work, but of ring general-ship, and he failed not only to smash up a comparative unknown, but to even mark him. He did all he could do, and made superhuman efforts to smash up his bewildering opponent, but failed utterly. Summed up, it must be admitted that Wells displayed all the aggression and skill in attack. Stone shone in his defensive and elusive work, and, after a gruelling contest, in which he had to take a certain amount of battering, he won the last three rounds magnificently; and, moreover, by skill of high order though unorthodox nature, he nullified Wells's skill in attack.

Herb. McCoy's Great Win.

STONE v. MCCOY.

The largest crowd that had packed itself into the Stadium at Rushcutter's Bay (Sydney) since the roof was put on, was there to see the long-looked-for McCoy-Stone fight on Boxing night, 1913. All Jewry was there, and Stone's dazzling success impelled them to offer five to four on him. It was an elegant price, and many shrewd Gentiles who were not blinded by racial prejudice mopped it up at a great rate when the attendants were not looking. Just after the boxers got into the ring Minahan, M.L.A., scrambled through the ropes and commenced to speak. What he said was quite inaudible, but when he had finished spruiking he handed Stone a gold medal which glittered wickedly with diamonds. It was bad taste to make the presentation immediately before an important fight, with Stone's opponent in his corner, looking on. It was understood that Meagher, M.L.A., was to have made the presentation, but his recent elevation made that quite impossible, so he contented himself with beaming benevolently from the ringside. However, subsequent events proved it had no depressing effect on McCoy. Still, it had been better let undone.

They started cautiously enough, each trying to feel his way. McCoy sent a couple of investigating rights towards Stone's bingey. Stone back-stepped with delicate alacrity, and then tiptoed in and tried the left. It was deftly blocked. Before Stone thought it possible, over came the right—and it stung. At first McCoy was inclined to let Stone lead; but in a few seconds he discovered that Stone, like most Asiatics, is more dangerous on the offensive than the defensive, so he went after his man very determinedly. Thereafter it became a race to see which could take the offensive first, and McCoy soon demonstrated that he had the requisite speed to do the trick. The first round was distinctly McCoy's. In the second Stone got in a few rights, but McCoy always sent over the right; and, though Stone was always retreating, the right invariably overtook him, and was hard enough to hurt. Halfway through the second McCoy startled Stone by hooking in

a wicked left, and the mark it made grew steadily more visible. In the third Stone unfolded his famous kangaroo act, but the wary McCoy winged him several times while he was in mid-air, and Stone abandoned it to devote his attention to the body. Mostly the fairest of fighters, Stone suddenly began to hold with one arm and bang the other to the body, and was repeatedly warned to let go. McCoy never fought so fairly in his life as he did that night; but whenever Stone started to rough things he found the Australian equally willing, and again and again he was literally punched off and followed with terrific speed. McCoy was now quite confident—he had got the measure of his opponent's speed. He met the American with vicious counters that Stone could not dodge, and as Stone would back off McCoy would follow up, driving for the body, compelling his opponent to make big kangaroo-like leaps backward, and so forcing him to the ropes. There Stone always got it, and got it hard before he could hang on. In other fights Stone could always duck out of those hot corners, but in this one he had to hang on for safety. And all the time he held he punched. In the ninth round he was badly rattled, and had McCoy followed up he would probably have scored a knock-out, but just as he realised how dazed Stone was the gong went. The American was too flabbergasted to chew his gum.

The culmination came in the 11th round. McCoy had worked Stone into the south-western corner, and was dealing out terrible punishment. Stone tried to duck out, but was beaten back to the ropes. He tried to hang on, but was slogged off. McCoy slowed for a heavy swing. Stone went baresark. He hit McCoy so fast it was impossible to follow his blows. Then McCoy realised what was happening, and showered his blows like wind-driven hail. Stone leaped and smote and smote and smote again. But ever the white arms of McCoy flashed through the blizzard, and gave punch for punch. Then McCoy backed off. Stone sprang at him like a tiger, and kept that fearsome tornado in full blast. Fifteen thousand people

sprang to their feet and howled like demons, and stamped and waved their hats. That vast roar lifted the fighters to more desperate frenzy. Across the ring they swept, fighting, smashing, McCoy in retreat, Stone in fierce pursuit. Then for a fraction of a second they ceased, and a great silence crashed down. McCoy, with a deep breath, sprang forward, tearing in with lefts and rights. Stone came in to meet him, and the awful din was renewed. It was the most terrific display ever seen in the Stadium, and quite indescribable. Once more they swept across the ring, to the delight of the roaring, howling thousands, Stone in retreat and McCoy in frenzied pursuit. Then the gong broke through the din and ended the most wonderful sight ever seen in the Stadium. The tremendous rally had lasted almost two minutes by the clock. McCoy's cheek was split, and Stone's lips were swollen and oozed blood; his cheeks

had blotches on them, his nose showed signs of disrepair, and there were red splurges on his body where the fists of McCoy had played a devil's tattoo. That round had ended Stone's chances of victory, for although he fought gamely and somewhat unscrupulously, the triumphant Australian was hunting him grimly all the time. Only in the 14th round did he show signs of coming back, and that round he won. But it was his last. Twice the gallant Jew tried to unfold another rally, and could not; so, in the end, he for the most part just avoided punishment and clung for safety. At the close of each round he would make a feeble rally, but without success. At the end there was only one in it, and referee Scott placed his hand on McCoy's head. Then came the wildest demonstration the Stadium has seen, and for half a minute McCoy drank the milk of paradise.

Eddie McGoorty

The Indian Sign
Artist. He came,
he saw, he wal-
loped.

Eddie McGoorty

How Dave Smith went to the Woods.

The smashing of Dave Smith by Eddie McGoorty on New Year's night, 1914, was an impressive spectacle, even though it was so brief. Smith was the first to enter the ring, and bowed to the cheering thousands with easy confidence. The special lights for protographic purposes were blazing overhead, and the thoughtful Reg. Baker had countered their fervent heat by installing two electric fans which drove the hot air upwards. Then came McGoorty, "pride in his port, defiance in his eye," and superb self-confidence stamped all over him. He had promised to knock Smith out in one round; he had told a daily newspaper that it would be done with the left hook with which it was accomplished in New York, and had given a minute account of how the left hook worked. The voice of the announcer whispered that they had both weighed 11st. 4lb. that afternoon at 2 p.m. Yet for some reason McGoorty looked a much bigger and heavier man than Smith. He also looked a more determined and dangerous fighter. From the moment McGoorty entered the ring Smith seemed worried. When they posed together for the pictures his face was somewhat drawn; and when he accepted the crayon portrait of McGoorty he looked as though he was thinking of something very different—probably of how to block that dreaded left hook. And, unfortunately, it did not occur to him that absolutely the best defence against a Yankee left hook is a straight left flush on to the nose, repeated rapidly, and varied by stabs to the point. There was a terrible lot of delay, and at last the pent-up impatience of the crowd broke forth in a storm of hoots.

This writer's notes of the fight consisted of two lines: "Smith, black trunks; McGoorty, green trunks." There was no time to write more, for just at that moment Scott said, "Box on!" Smith came out of his corner hesitatingly. His right glove was up to cover his jaw, and he had a horrible half-crouch. McGoorty had no thought of defence. He came in perfectly open for the quick left stab to the nose that would have sent all his aims awry—but Smith had no left stab about

him. Smith hardly left his corner, and waited to be attacked. McGoorty walked right across the ring, and feinted with his left hook. Smith guarded and stepped back. McGoorty bounded in. There was an awful smack, a resounding thwack that could be heard in the White City, and Smith shot against the ropes and slipped down to the floor. The left hook had arrived. It was obvious that Smith had forgotten for the moment all he ever knew of how to fight. Instead of staying down for nine and recovering as much as possible, he sprang up at five. McGoorty let fly a left and right that would have lifted Smith's head right off. But Smith ducked them both and backed away. Still no sign of a poke to the nose. McGoorty followed up, and again Smith was sent prone. Up again, and hardly up before he was once more hurled against the ropes and by them flung right back to roll on to his side. Up once more and out of a shower of ferocious wallops, with a split cheek, a bleeding mouth, and a battered nose, he reeled against the ropes on the northern side. There he covered up his face and waited for what was coming. A pained expression came into McGoorty's eyes. He saw his man was done. He sent a few lefts and rights on to Smith's gloves, when he could have uppercut him. Smith reeled and swayed, and once drove a feeble right swing, so pitifully futile that the American looked at Scott and said something about stopping the fight. But Smith was still on his feet; his towel had not come in. "Box on!" Muttering something about being sorry, McGoorty again stepped forward and battered the gloves of the swaying gladiator. Then Smith broke away towards mid-ring, and McGoorty, leisurely tripping after him, with a perfectly-measured right uppercut sent him to the floor. He fell backwards, and turning as he fell, came down on his side and then rolled over on to his back, with his arms spreadeagled—knocked out. Before the count could be gone through the towel soared in. And even then it was less than two minutes, from the time McGoorty started to walk across the ring to where Smith awaited his doom.

The Empire Championship.

THE SUMMERS-McCORMICK BATTLE.

They met the first time on the night of January 10, 1914, for the welterweight championship of the British Empire, and for solid, hard punching, sustained fighting and large brain development, the scrap would be hard to beat. McCormick is a boxer of purest mill serene, and in spite of the terrific battery poured in as Johnny Summers could pour it, he crowded right into his formidable opponent, and hit, and smote, and bashed, and walloped, and banged all the time. No matter how the versatile Johnny smote him, McCormick smote back. They charged one another like battering rams. Both guarded with consummate skill, and both hit like lightning at the slightest opening. Each round saw one or more fierce rallies, in which Summers scored always at the first, while McCormick came with a triumphant burst at the finish. McCormick is handier with his fists at close-quarters than Summers, and to swing a knock-out blow the latter kept backing away from him. McCormick's fleet footwork enabled him to follow and prevent the hostile force getting an opportunity of sending home the dead finish. Summers is much the harder hitter of the two, but McCormick's absorption of punishment is marvellous, and he took all the furniture that was coming to him for the chance of letting his own blizzard loose when Johnny must inevitably slow down. It was Johnny's misfortune that he scored most at the beginning. The man who scores last is like he who laughs last or his hanged last—he scores best. So at the end Scott placed his hand on McCormick's throbbing brain, and the vast majority of the crowd agreed with him. The decision was perfectly right, but the margin was so slight that the verdict is quite likely to be reversed next meeting. Although McCormick won the welterweight championship of the Empire he does not get possession of the Lonsdale belt. That can be fought for only at the National Sporting Club, London.

THE McCORMICK-SUMMERS SENSATION.

The fall of Johnny Summers on the night of February 5, 1914, was bewildering, picturesque, and sensational. As the prophet Bruserius sayeth in the Pug's

Apocalypse, "He who goeth looking for a knock-out shall surely catch it—on the jaw." Ordinarily, there is no more cautious beginner than Summers. He usually advances to the fray, like Agag, walking delicately, even as a cat walks on eggs. He feels his man before mixing it, and if his man tries to mix it the man finds Johnny an elusive sprite. But on this occasion Johnny was in such a hurry that

TOM McCORMICK.

he forgot to touch the scapular in his sock. He had evidently made up his mind that McCormick would outbox him if it went 20 rounds, and had determined to overwhelm McC. in short order. At the word he bounded across the ring, and fell upon his enemy like a long street full of tigers. He smote with both fists. He hurled all his weight into the contract, and pounded the hostile person right across the ring, with showers of body blows, varied by a few to the head which McCormick covered desperately with his gloves. It was the ropes that stopped McCormick's wild retreat. Bringing up against them he rebounded, and strove to clinch. Summers swung him round, threw him away, cast him off, implied by his manner that he had no use for him, and followed up. McCormick uncovered his head and tried to smite. He was despised and rejected. He tried to hang on and he might as well have tried to drive a nail into the side of the east wind and suspend himself thereto. But the fiercest cyclone must blow itself out, and so did Johnny. And the moment he subsided into a calm McCormick, angered by ill-usage and aroused by the way the audience urged Johnny to knock his head off and threw it through the window, assumed the offensive. He met a right swing in the chest that nearly knocked him down, but recovering he sprang again, and let fly a double broadside as he did. Then it was Summers who broke ground while he gathered steam for another cyclone. He backed away till the northern ropes blocked him, and McCormick hurled himself at him amidst much pandemonium. Summers is most dangerous on the ropes, and some historic bashes were exchanged. Dropping his fists he played for the body, and McCormick gasped as if a piano had fallen on him. But all the same he never stopped hitting. Two lefts landed on Summers's

mouth. Then McCormick was standing in close, and seeing Johnny's face unprotected drove a right short-arm jolt right to the point. The recipient pitched forward on to his knees and gloves. He was knocked unconscious, and still had enough in him to protect himself as he fell. He came down and tried to stop on his gloves and knees, but everything faded out and he again pitched forward till his forehead touched the floor a few inches from where Woldemar Holberg had gone down, all out, before Hughie Mehegan. But Holberg fell forward on his chin, Summers on his forehead. The roar ceased. A silence crashed down on the Stadium, and the voice of Scott calling the count sounded something akin to a town hall clock. Nobody believed that the mighty Summers the greatest ring general of them all, was out. He was taking all the respite he could get, they said. But when the voice of Scott boomed "eight" they roared that he had already taken a dashed lot of respite and shouldn't overdo it. "Nine" came, and the man on the floor was still taking heaps of respite. Even Scott looked amazed and hesitated for the fraction of a second before he said "Out!" or whatever he did say, for his voice was drowned in the multitude of the hoot. There are some awful dingoes among the Stadium habitués. His seconds dragged Summers to his feet and to his chair and doused him with water, and then he opened two blue, bewildered eyes and wondered what the riot was about. It was a blow that would have felled a bullock, but the hardy little ex-fireman was soon able to get up and scramble through the ropes from the arena in which he had scored so many brilliant victories. From the moment Scott had said "Box on!" till Summers struck the floor was exactly 2min. 29sec. But into that space of time had been crowded one of the most spectacular fights ever seen in the Stadium.

The Woes of Wells and the Joy of McCoy.

The much-talked-of scrap between the English Jew Matt Wells and Herbert McCoy, the Australian, on the night of January 17, '14, drew a vast horde to the classic Stadium. The huge place seemed fairly packed. At the midday weighing, Wells proved to be four ounces over the requisite 9st. 10lb., and that extra quarter pound, according to the articles, was to cost him £200 in the shape of forfeit. It would almost have paid him to have the amount cut off. Like most new arrivals from the Cold Country, Wells makes weight very rapidly here, and finds it easier to put on than to take off. He had worked strenuously to get it off, and failed, and the prospect of parting with £2200 broke his heart. It was an awful example of the high price of meat. For a time it looked as though there would be no fight, except with the mouth. Then the Stadium took a hand, and intimated firmly that it had some forfeits to collect in the event of the fight going up the spout—£500 from Welsh and £100 from McCoy. This brutal remark brought both battlers to their senses, and the disputed £200 stayed in the hands of the Stadium authorities till such times as the principals could agree to its destination or refer the settlement to the courts.

In the ring Wells looked easily a stone heavier than the pallid McCoy. It was obvious that he would never again fight as a lightweight. Matt Wells has passed into the welter ranks. So much heavier and bigger did he look that, at the announcement of the weights, the rude section of the crowd called the announcer "Liar!" Wells opened the dance with quite a different style of fighting from any he has exhibited before. He went right in to kill, and commenced proceedings with a very dainty exposition of the McGoorty left hook. He was doing quite nicely with it when McCoy landed a right on his left eye, which staggered the Jew, and made him totter all over Palestine. It was a beauty. But in the second, Wells returned it in the form of a wallop to the side of the head that made McCoy's

teeth rattle. Wells had evidently sacrificed speed for the sake of heavy hitting, and some of his rights were deadly. He had the longer reach and he had the weight, and he made skilful use of both. McCoy had a more or less shocking time for about 10 rounds. Twice he was all but outed, and was saved from the final stroke by the gong. And then, quite suddenly, Wells, who had exhausted himself trying to make the weight, went to fragments. He cracked up, his head began to smoke, and steam rose from his body as he lumbered round the ring. McCoy was so hard pressed in the earlier part of the fight that he resorted to all his bad old tricks—tricks that, with a sterner referee, will one day get him disqualified. Wells, bitterly resenting these tactics, showed a few of his own, but immediately a partisan house rose to its feet and went quite mad. Both were warned, but McCoy seemed to this scribe to be the greater offender. The break-up of Wells produced terror in the McCoy camp, which to a man regarded the obvious distress of the brilliant Semite as mere subterfuge—a trick to lure McCoy into leaving an opening for a knock-out. But it was soon noticeable that when Wells did land there was no sting in his blows, which had also become strangely slow. And yet, exhausted and smoking as he was, McCoy could not really damage him. There was no possibility of a knock-out. When the end came, the chivalrous Wells anticipated referee Scott by putting his own hand on McCoy's head. The Australian had won, and demonstrated by his manner of doing it that he is not in the same grade as Wells as a fighter. The man of Judah was quite exhausted but never in danger of being knocked out, while McCoy was twice on the very verge of it. The versatility of Wells was remarkable, and the first welterweight he crashes into when well and strong is due for a very rough time. Wells has developed an unexpected punch, and his new style of fighting is vastly more satisfying to the ringsider than that which he showed on his arrival in this country.

MILBURN SAYLOR.

When Hughie Mehegan came a Cropper.

Yankee-boxer Milburn Saylor and Hughie Mehegan had a disturbance on January 24, '14, which lasted for eleven savage rounds. Saylor proved himself a hitter of size, and the way he swings his fists all over the place suggests that he is double-jointed. Also, his reach is as long as from here to yonder. He would have been a formidable opponent for Mehegan even when at his best, and just now our Hughie is not what he used to be. He has not deteriorated physically. He can hit as hard as ever he did. His trouble is that he has lost the instinct to hit. He spent valuable seconds working Saylor into a receptive attitude, and then either failed to smite or smote when it was too late. Saylor, on the other hand, bashed all the time. He bashed instinctively, by reflex action of the brain and without thinking, whereas Mehegan had to think to hit first, and he was often buried in meditation too long. But it must not be imagined that Saylor escaped scathless. Mehegan got there a great deal more than once. In fact, for the first four rounds he had easily the best of it, but after that he waned, while Saylor seemed to wax mightier. Again and again he beat Mehegan off, and with his reach he was always master of the long-range fighting. Only once was he in dire danger—in the ninth, when Hughie worked him into a corner and let go a right and left battery that was laden with sudden death. But Saylor knew it, and ducked and dodged and danced and fled here and there and escaped. After that he was cautious for a while. But half-way through the eleventh a wild right swing crashed into Mehegan's ribs, and the

Australian staggered. Quick as a flash Saylor hurled his left at the jaw. Mehegan saw it coming, but didn't leave in time. He went down, but with a roll over struggled up again and covered his jaw. A shower of assault and battery floored him once more, and then the audience gasped at an exhibition of unequalled determination. Mehegan crawled along the floor on all fours, seized the ropes and hauling himself up by them once more faced the conflict, amidst the maddest cheering that ever shook the Stadium. Not only did he face the blizzard; he made to attack. But he was done. Someone said to Duke Mullins to throw in the towel. "He'd kill me if I did," lamented the big trainer. Done as he was, he strove to guard and duck, but nothing could save him, and again he was sent down, utterly out.

Seen after the fight Mehegan was found to be quite unmarked. He took his defeat as he has taken all his wins, philosophically. "It has to come sooner or later—but, all the same, it hurts when it actually arrives. Yes, I saw the wallop coming, but I could do nothing. No, I don't remember climbing up the ropes. I hope I made a decent battle, that's all. After all, it's the way a man goes down more than the fact that he does that matters. I don't seem to be able to hit as quickly. Before I went to England my fists shot out of their own accord; now I have to make them shoot, and it's a big difference." "You want a good holiday in the country, perhaps!" said the writer. "Yes, I believe I do," said the fighter, taking the glass of sodawater someone held out to him.

Pat Bradley strikes more Trouble but gains more Glory.

Expectation ran high when Eddie McGoorty and Pat Bradley entered the ring on February 7, '14. The betting was 10 to 1 "on," and dozens of gentlemen who seemed to think they were gifted with prophetic powers laid two to one against Pat Bradley lasting five rounds. Some reckless wights laid odds he wouldn't last one. McGoorty did not advance to the attack with the same contemptuous self-assurance with which he swept down on Smith. He approached as he would approach any boxer unto whom he had respect. McGoorty looked about half a stone heavier, although at the afternoon weighing there was only about 20z. difference. Certainly, he was the taller, and blessed with the longer reach. And he had the skill to make use of it. There was no sign of trepidation about Patrick. He didn't hang back in the breeching; still less did he flee in terror from the scene at the sight of his adversary. He came out as he always comes, and began cautiously, as is his wont. McGoorty got a specimen of Pat's goods in the first round when, stepping in to deliver a left hook, the top side of his cheek received a swing which, had it landed a couple of inches lower, would have meant mischief. It soon became obvious that McGoorty had noted the fact that Pat's wallops were loaded, and he was not there to take risks. The audience cheered madly when Pat went to his corner at the end of the first round uninjured. And when he survived the second round, and seemed to some to have more than held his own, the whole lunatic asylum broke loose. But McGoorty was playing the right game. He was there to defend his championship. It was not a fight to be fought with a sudden rush. This fellow was made of sterner stuff than Smith, and all the time he was liable to sting with either hand. So McGoorty settled down to outpoint Bradley, and did it. Slowly but surely Patrick was worn down. But he always came back with 'he ghost of a smile on his lips. He was

up against a man who could hit just a shade faster, and the death-laden smite that Pat was going to let fly so often was anticipated. And with anticipation the aim went wild. At the end it resolved itself into a determined struggle on the part of Bradley to keep on his feet for 20 rounds, and, knowing that he could still sting and that the battle was actually won, McGoorty did not risk being knocked out by going in to get what he did not really require. Which was sound wisdom on the part of McGoorty.

The general note of comment on the fight is one of disappointment at McGoorty's showing, and that thoughtful fighter is now suffering for the ease with which he knocked out Smith. That has been accepted as his standard, and every time he fails to live up to it he will receive hostile comment from the crowd, if not from the press. It is very absurd, but it is a fact. As far as this writer is concerned, McGoorty deserves more praise for beating Bradley on points in 20 rounds than he did for blotting out the radiance of Smith in half a round. That night, anyhow, Smith could not fight. It was not a battle, but a battue. On the other hand, Bradley could fight, and fought like the Devil; but plucky, tough, and hard-hitting as Bradley was to the finish, McGoorty beat him decisively, and surely it is better to decisively beat on points a man who covers himself with glory than to wreck one who had temporarily left his glory at home along with the cat and his old clothes. There was a possibility of McGoorty being matched with Jerry Jerome, and Duke Mullins, that master-maker of fighters, had undertaken to get Jerry fit. Duke Mullins has a stout heart, but this writer was willing to wager it would be utterly broken before he could get the colored brother into the white man's ideal state of fitness for a battle. Anyhow, if the battle does take place it will be mighty interesting, and most of all to Eddie McGoorty.

Milburn Saylor Does More Damage.

The meeting of Herbert McCoy and Milburn Saylor on March 7, '14, was a smite of considerable dimensions. A large fist at the end of a strong and long, and apparently double-jointed arm, the said arm attached to a long, lithe body, with a small head at the far end of it directing operations, and two small, tapering legs to move around on—that was what McCoy found himself up against. For his size, writer has never seen a man with a more effective reach than Saylor. It is a fact that many of his right smashes flew clear round McCoy's head and bashed the Australian on the RIGHT ear. Think of it. Also, Saylor was taller, and, apparently, stronger. Although there was only 12oz. difference in their weights there was a notable disparity in their physique, and Saylor had all the advantage of it. Both were in perfect condition, but McCoy's only hope of reaching the face of his opponent was to show superior speed. For a time he had it, and with lightning-like jabs found Saylor's nose and mouth repeatedly. For three solid rounds he hit Saylor and managed to dodge all the American's swings, or when he could not dodge them, he blocked them. But in the fourth round Saylor got into holts, and McCoy clung to his left glove, and Saylor waved the boa-constrictor he calls his arm and hit with his right. The fist came down on the back of the head and neck. It speaks volumes for McCoy's stamina that he stood it. That was Saylor's one effective wallop. Time and again he got it home, and beat McCoy to the floor several times. When it did not land on the head it fell on the loins and all over the back. McCoy was being attacked behind, and didn't know what to do about it. But with his well-known courage he fought on, and often when he seemed to be quite groggy he would suddenly flash out most brilliantly, and send Saylor's swings wide of the

mark by dashing in and driving up the left. Saylor's head being a mere pinhead at the butt-end of his arm, McCoy had to be an excellent shot to hit it, and it was whisked out of the way so quickly that only lightning speed could catch it. But McCoy caught it often and hard. He scored at the beginning of nearly every round, and then, through his insane act of holding the Yankee's left glove, Saylor would catch him, and with a wild succession of circular swipes wipe out the points. The end came in the 18th, when Saylor twice surrounded McCoy and cut off his retreat. The second time McCoy went down, and rolled over on his back. His corner called to him to take his time, and he slowly commenced to rise to his knees. There he waited, while to this writer both clock and referee seemed to count 10. Then he scrambled up. Saylor was waiting for him, but Scott stepped between, and saying something, placed his hand on Saylor's head. By this time McCoy, who has wonderful recuperative powers, was all right, and quite ready to resume, and could hardly believe he had been counted out. But he was.

Saylor is an excellent fighter, but he knows no more about boxing than a chimpanzee. He hits from anywhere and everywhere, and he hits with force all the time. But his fighting career will be short. It is inevitable that before long he will break his forearm and depreciate his fists. While he meets men who are very little faster than himself and unable to hit a single knock-out blow he will continue to win. But his funeral will arrive when he meets a man as fast as Harry Stone or one who can hit like Jerry Jerome or Pat Bradley. If he would only learn to box, and not do his best to smash up his own weapons, he might develop into a world beater. With his reach he could land twice as often if he lashed out scientifically.

Eddie McGoorty Dunno Where 'E Are.

The Jeff Smith-Eddie McGoorty fight on March was sensational in its trimmings; and the scrap itself was a fine, strenuous battle between two hefty gentlemen who were in earnest. The voice that sounds over the Stadium breathed that at 2 p.m. that afternoon Smith had scaled 11st. 3½lb., while McGoorty had kicked the beam at 11st. 5lb. Fate was represented by Arthur Scott. He stood for Judgment Day, and was cheap at the price. McGoorty looked much the heavier, much the bigger, and was blessed with the longer reach. Smith entered the ring first, played in to stirring music, and then came McGoorty to a different tune. About 15,000 people stood up and roared a discordant welcome to both. Smith wore black trunks, with the Tricolor and Old Glory on his belt. McGoorty, though born in Wisconsin (U.S.A.), wore the green harp of Erin and the Stars and Stripes on the belt that held up his emerald-green disguise. There was a curious similarity about the boxers. They were of the same type. McGoorty appeared to be a larger, more fleshy replica of Smith. And Smith looked like a Greek god of the days when Greece had gods, which was before it took to the fish-shop industry. There never was a god in Greece who went by the name of Smith, but that is a detail.

As Smith advanced he came to the crouch, and seemed to lose range by doing so. McGoorty, wrapped in calm assurance and some clothes, with a debonair expression on his cheerful countenance, advanced in the straight, standing, old Jem Mace style. Smith led suddenly with the left, and like a flash over came Eddy's right. Smith danced away lightly, and no one knew whether he was hit or not. Somebody remarked it was only a feeler, but Smith's blow had left a faint mark. Then, as they came together again, McGoorty smote hard and straight. Smith bent down, the blows went wild, and Smith came up inside and sent the right three times to the heart. McGoorty pushed him off, and again Smith's left flashed out and flicked McGoorty on the cheekbone. Eddie's right arrived just here like a sledgehammer, and caught Smith as he danced away. But he felt it. McGoorty crowded in and sent his blows rapidly, Smith dodged many, but

he stopped some that hurt—and it was McGoorty's round. The second found Smith elusive and clever to sensationalism. And he had need to be. There was downfall in every second blow McGoorty let fly. He seemed to tower over Smith, and it looked unequal. Smith (the writer hates to be always saying "Smith," but it can't be helped) was a game fox-terrier against a bull-dog, and in spite of all his speed and cleverness he stopped blow after blow. They were straight drives and when Smith dodged them he would spring in and stab with the left. But McGoorty would take those stabs like thistledown, and his right would come over and catch the retreating Smith every time and send him spinning like a top. Whether Smith was hurt no one could say. His countenance never changed. The statue was alive in every part barring the face—that was as expressionless as marble. In the third round McGoorty fled at Smith. Smith ducked and his head went under McGoorty's arm, and Eddie in the heat of battle "rabbited" his opponent's neck. The population sprang to its feet with a snarl and a curse, and the walls of the Stadium bent outwards before the blast of hooting. The boxers never heeded, but swirled round the ring each looking for an opening. Suddenly McGoorty hooked, and as Smith spun away he nearly lost his balance, and men gasped as they saw his right eye puff and half close. But he recovered himself in a flash and as McGoorty came in with his gun loaded for bear Smith ducked, drove three heavy ones to the heart, and then tried to uppercut. But the man's arc of vision had been reduced by about one half, and McGoorty set to work to close the left optic. Then he suddenly changed and getting his left hook home twice on the face of the flying Smith he closed the damaged eye right up. Following up his advantage he punished hard and frequently. Smith's career showed signs of an early close. People thought he was going into liquidation, and that he wouldn't pay much in the £. That was the first phase of the fight.

The second phase commenced when, by use of the lancet and some astringent, Smith recaptured his right eye, somewhere about the fifth round. After that he began to coruscate. He evaded Mc-

JEFF SMITH.

Goorty's rushes, dodged his hooks, and had a habit of being absent when the enemy wanted him. He would heave his left into McGoorty's face and then clinch, and wrestling for an opportunity, send his right on to the region of McGoorty's heart, after which he would swing his body to the right and send his left up towards McGoorty's chin. Slowly that battery began to tell, and a lot of those sudden upward jerks knocked Eddie's head backwards, so that he acquired an upward and prayerful expression. But in spite of his many misses, he was always the attacking party, and Smith's cleverness was, after all, only the cleverness of defence. In the light of what happened that is worth remembering. In the seventh McGoorty tried to uppercut, but missing with his fist nearly slew Smith's nose with his forearm. The nose wasn't quite dead, but McGoorty was warned for his carelessness. By the time it became apparent that Smith was the popular favorite. When he shook his head the crowd cheered. When he hit it bellowed with delight. When McGoorty missed some of it howled derision and made cat-calls, and tried to imitate the sound of boiled ham in the distance. A weariful person whom somebody had forgotten to kill laughed in a cracked falsetto all the time. He sounded like a tin horn blowing in Hell. When McGoorty presumed to hit Smith he was jeered and had his legitimacy questioned. Between the row and the shadowy elusiveness of Smith, McGoorty had a bad time. In the 10th round he failed to land a single blow, while Smith scored repeatedly with a beautiful left—but he always hung on to McGoorty at the end of each contact. In the 13th the Stadium authorities endeavored to stop the hooting, and persons wearing the outward semblance of humanity were ordered to either behave themselves or go out. The second phase of the fight ended with the 13th.

The sound of the gong in the 14th saw McGoorty come out and land two heavy straight lefts that fairly staggered Smith. He hung on. McGoorty punched him off, and followed up with another snappy left. Smith swung a heavy right that drove McGoorty back, and then he came in again, and, hitting quicker than he had hitherto done, he slogged Smith a left, a right and a left. In the 15th McGoorty again cut loose, and, anticipating Smith's dash, crossed with the right to the nose, and followed up and bashed on the body. Incidentally, a large block of city property fell on his own nose and hurt that organ. But his longer reach seemed to be beating Smith badly. In a clinch in the 16th Smith got in some fierce uppercuts that gave McGoorty particular annoyance. Then the Greek deity would break away and take refuge in flight, and

McGoorty would set all sail in pursuit. In the 17th McGoorty seemed to go suddenly weak. He appeared to lose his speed, and Smith continued to hit and clinch amidst thunders of applause. And in the clinches he let fly a whole series of uppercuts. One of these caught McGoorty on the point. He reeled against the ropes, stood apparently helpless, and looked like a derelict on the high seas. The crowd, with what voice it had left, howled to Smith to go in and finish him. McGoorty looked like a bullock awaiting the final stroke. But Smith thought it was all gammon, so he approached cautiously and seemed afraid to go close. With a supreme effort McGoorty gathered himself together, and lifting his carcass with both hands, threw it bodily at his enemy. The enemy evading, McGoorty careered on into space. He recovered himself by catching hold of the rope, and once more faced what should have been his doom. And all the time he was recovering rapidly, and he managed to evade till the gong went. In the 18th he was still groggy, and resorted to the straight left to keep Smith off. He hurled it in with all his weight behind it, only to find Smith's head tucked under his arm. But some of his bashes got home and shook the opposition badly. In the 19th he was practically himself again, and he fell on the foe in magnificent style. He went berserk, and every time Smith got home with the left McGoorty caught him with the right, till in the end the man with the short name hung on for sheer life. It was easily McGoorty's round. An odor of champagne preceded the 20th gong, and then McGoorty once more cut loose. He strained every nerve for a knock-out, and the other fellow hung on desperately at times and dodged wonderfully at other times. When Mac got home it sounded just like the great meat strike. Then the gong went, and Scott, without a moment of hesitation, placed his hand on McGoorty's head like a blessing on the day of Pentecost.

Then things happened. First, there was a ton of silence, also miles and miles of calm. It might have been a funeral. This peaceful arrangement was broken when a weedy sort of man leaped from the £2 seats to the ringside and howled epithets at Referee Scott. He was full of howl, and he emptied himself. At last Scott glanced at him and made through the ropes. That weed stood in danger of being killed; but the journalists seized Scott, while others dragged the weed to safety. By this time the stadium was filled with an awful noise. Hundreds started to kick the iron walls in fury. One of Smith's seconds swarmed over to where the pressmen stood round Scott—and was pushed back. From far and near the white-coated ushers came streaming to the

storm centre. It was impossible for a man to hear his own creditors. Up in the ring Jeff Smith bowed and tried to make a speech, but the applause of his admirers choked him. Heaven only knows the whyness of all this fuss. The present writer thought Smith won, but not by so expansive a margin as has been widely credited to him. The things that counted against him were the fact that, for a majority of rounds, he fought a purely defensive fight; he hung on to avoid punishment; and when he had McGoorty apparently defeated and badly rattled he would not or could not finish him. The things that counted for him were the fact that he scored a majority of blows; that he showed more skill; that he fought the cleaner fight; that he caused McGoorty to miss fully 65 per cent. of his shots; and once had McGoorty all but done. No

doubt the thing that reckoned most against him in the eyes of the referee was that he fought a defensive fight all through. Which was true—but it must not be forgotten it was effective defence. Anyhow, it will be a long-remembered battle.

As it was considered unwise in the face of such a demonstration to put Mr. Scott back in the Stadium ring as referee, Mr. Harold Baker, the well-known athlete and life-saver, took on the difficult, thankless task, and received the sincere sympathy of the whole of the pug-writers. It is a sorry billet. The most remarkable thing about the tremendous upheaval was that it was the first time in the memory of the Oldest Inhabitant that the pug press had been unanimous. That was a most staggering item.

THE END.

Mr. HARRY KEESING.

Whose association with the Stadium dates back to the earliest days of the McIntosh regime. Mr. Keesing is Acting General Manager of Stadia Limited during Mr. R. L. Baker's absence.

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